THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume V | New York, Wednesday, December 15, 1926 | Number 6

CONTENTS

Crisis in Mexico 143
Week by Week 145
Ontario Versus Prohibition 148
Missionary Lore 149
Just What Is Matrimony?...L. J. S. Wood 150
A British League of Nations.....
M. Grattan O'Leary 151
The Melancholy Farmer ....Leo L. Ward 153
César Franck at the Organ.....
Ernest Brennecke, Jr. 155
New England Fiction .....Anna Mitchell 156
Joseph Arch: Reformer..Wilkinson Sherren 157
Communications 158
The Play.....R. Dana Skinner 159
Books.....Thomas Walsh, Agnes Repplier, Allen Sinclair Will, Grenville Vernon, Mary Kolars, Ernest Fearby Boddington, George D. Meadows 160
The Quiet Corner..... 167

CRISIS IN MEXICO

RELATIONS between the governments of the United States and Mexico are of such a character that no citizen can remain indifferent to what will happen in the near future. Whether or not the settlement of property difficulties can be arrived at without recourse to arms; whether the internal condition of Mexico is diseased to a stage beyond the influence of constitutional remedies; whether, under the Monroe Doctrine, the State Department can risk further jeopardy to the prestige of the United States in Latin America and elsewhere in the world—these are grave and ominous matters which cannot, indeed, be solved by public opinion, but which must perforce deeply impress the public mind. Meanwhile the religious struggle precipitated by President Calles has dragged on through weary months of spiritual, physical, and economic suffering. It is there. We cannot lose sight of it. A few weeks ago many people—for reasons which varied from indifferent optimism to sectarian scurrility—were inclined to look upon the plight of the Catholic Church rather condescendingly and coldly. That time has passed. Even "liberal" thought has discovered that while Mr. John Dewey was blandly acting in the capacity of a Calles propagandist, the Mexican President himself issued, on June 14, 1926, a decree, made up of peremptory penal rulings, which arbitrarily swept away such shreds of religious and personal liberty as had been overlooked by the Constitution of 1917.

No reader of this document could avoid realizing that, whatever narrownesses and petty abuses may exist in the history of the United States, a manifesto of this character would never have been signed by any President of ours. It is so absolute a violation of our code of living, and so harsh a denial of the law of nations, that it is almost incomprehensible to an American. To set it against the background of legal tradition was, therefore, a necessary if not an easy task. This has now been accomplished by William D. Guthrie, of New York City, acting as a distinguished professional attorney and replying to a request from the American hierarchy. Mr. Guthrie's opinion sums up succinctly the various anti-religious clauses of the Mexican Constitution and of President Calles's decree, showing how these abrogate rights and privileges championed by centuries of enlightened legislation and specifically upheld by United States courts. It comments summarily upon the provision denying to religious bodies any status as persons before the court as follows:

"It would, as it seems to the undersigned American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counsel, be simply preposterous to claim that these provisions were intended to produce or promote in good faith the separation of Church and state in Mexico. On the contrary, a more complete subjugation of Church to state could not be devised by the wit of man. Certainly, no precedent of any such complete absorption of church control and legislation or governance of divine worship even in state churches by the state has ever before been attempted in modern times except in Soviet Russia and Jacobin France, and no such precedent can be recalled in the history of Christianity or Judaism."

Should the Church have submitted peaceably instead of promulgating its call to resistance and imposing a partial interdict? "In the opinion of the undersigned American counsel," continues Mr. Guthrie, "the Roman Catholic Church could not reasonably or properly have accepted or submitted to any such control and supervision. In fact, had the undersigned been consulted prior to the action of the Mexican Catholic hierarchy and the Papacy in ordering the discontinuance of religious services in the Catholic churches, he would, with the deepest sense of professional duty and responsibility, have advised the cessation of all religious services under such governmental control and supervision, because in his opinion submission would invariably lead to the subordination of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico to the power of the state, the dictation of politicians, the complete union of Church and state, and the sacrifice of the independence and freedom which are essential to the true and proper functioning and discipline of any church of whatever religion."

Meanwhile confiscation of ecclesiastical property and repression of the right to educate have been carried out in Mexico, as Mr. Guthrie shows admirably, in complete and basic contradiction of elemental American principles. Every single one of the Mexican provisions has been ruled upon by some United States court, and every single one has been repudiated. Our national custom and the Calles procedure have nothing in common. The one is, indeed, the brutal reverse of the other. Mr. Guthrie's review of precedent is thorough, unimpeachable and gratifying. But he goes on to concede that whatever we as a people may think of Mexico, it is extremely difficult to decide what should be done regarding Mexico. Historically, relations have often been strained, and sometimes the Washington government was clearly in the wrong. Though the propagandists who recently accused Mr. Wilson of having approved of "socialism" in Mexico were obviously fabricating, the fact remains that United States money and influence have sometimes precipitated revolution in Montezuma land.

Mr. Guthrie admits that there are many historical precedents to support governmental protest or even action in defense of religious liberty. Recently some of these same precedents were also outlined in an important address delivered to the Cleveland convention of the National Catholic Council of Men, by the Honorable Morgan J. O'Brien. History shows that the United States used its influence in favor of Japanese Christians; on behalf of Peruvian Protestants; and, incidentally at least, in support of the non-communistic elements in modern Russia. But Mr. Guthrie declares—and here The Commonweal has always been in substantial agreement with him—that "interference on our part might do the cause of liberty and religion more harm than any possible good. History has recorded its tragedies in vain for those who do not realize that interference and intervention by the United States in Mexico in order to compel religious liberty, might precipitate the horrors and atrocities of civil war and that worst of all scourges, a religious civil war. Therefore, the undersigned American counsel is persuaded that thoughtful Catholics will not endeavor by agitation, political or otherwise, to force the hand of our government, far better advised as it must be of conditions in Mexico than others usually are." It may be added that this has been the feeling of official Catholic leaders from the beginning—that it has inspired the noble language of the Mexican hierarchy and the counsel of the Vatican.

The importance of a pronouncement so judicious and official as Mr. Guthrie's cannot be overestimated in so far as its effect upon American opinion generally is concerned. In the very near future a joint pastoral letter from the Catholic bishops dealing with the problem will have become public property. We do not know, at this writing, what the tenor of this communication—in itself almost unprecedented—will be, but doubtless it will conform in the main with the opinions of Mr. Guthrie. Thus Catholic citizens will be offered a declaration upon which they can unite with reasonable assurance of thinking justly in a just cause. Afterward the details of practical action can be established and carried through.

Meanwhile the persecution of religion in Mexico continues. We know that the sad fury has further endangered the well-nigh untenable finances of the country, and that omens of bloody rebellion are increasing. No ruler can violate justice without at the same time encouraging whatever is restless and lawless in his dominion to rise up against him. And religion? A brief news despatch recently informed the world that a prelate had been arrested and fined for conducting a service in private. But we have reliable information to the effect that in very many places Mass is being offered in private homes; that religion, driven out of sight, is finding a deep and permanent refuge in countless hearts, and that, quite silently and yet beautifully, the practice which has made Mexico part of Christendom is alive. Every persecution repeats the same tale. And between the rôles of Nero and Peter history always places the wide gulf of honor, heroism, and spiritual sacrifice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

MR. PARKER GILBERT'S review of the Dawes Plan in operation during 1926 is an endorsement of Germany and an optimistic prophecy concerning the European economic future. The mere fact that a nation which so nearly touched the bottom of revolutionary chaos in 1919, has completely regained its credit and reorganized its resources during seven years which were also seasons of political change, is surely most notable and encouraging. But very naturally—the point is conceded by Mr. Gilbert—marks of strain are everywhere visible. They are most clearly discernible, perhaps, in the various elements of the professional middle-class; they are possibly best reflected in the literature and philosophy of the nation's representative minds. Though the German ability to shoulder a titanic burden is nothing short of marvelous, the burden itself remains almost inconceivably heavy. If more favorable circumstances do not mitigate it a little, the impress left upon the people of the Reich will be visible during generations. History, in repeating the conditions which existed after the Napoleonic wars, has now added a new and very significant factor—the population which merely consumes. Today, a people grown prevailingly industrial can support its own existence only when manufacturing and commerce verge toward the peak of production. Even business normalcy, therefore, leaves the modern European state faced with the difficult task of employment doles. When these are added to the vast pensions to the injured during the war, the inroads into government income become bafflingly heavy.

THE same situation exists pretty widely in other countries. It has been the biggest of the British government's problems. It is the economic spectre which continually stalks through Austria. To a large extent, it was the evil portent which Fascismo arose to banish. More impressively than is generally noticed, it is the thing which has induced Europeans to accept, on a scale nineteenth-century theorists could not have imagined, deeply significant compromises with political liberalism. A state which must assume the position of paymaster toward those whom industry cannot support, is, in the long run, driven to inquire into and supervise industry. The mediaeval "lord," who fed his commoners when the annual harvest failed, thereby earned and established his ascendancy over them. Quite in the same fashion, modern government has attained a great deal of similar ultimate sovereignty. But it is most interesting to see how the state's concern is now concentrated upon finance rather than upon industry. In France, for example, M. Poincaré's problem is of the franc and the budget. Even those whose activity the republican government fears, are interested, not in communistically owned factories and markets, but in a definitely dictatorially administered monetary program.

IT is a fortunate coincidence that the anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's arrival in France as special representative of the American Colonies, should be marked by the appointment of Paul Claudel as French ambassador to Washington. M. Claudel, too, is a man of the world, having grown out of the culture of Europe into years of diligent and observant life in the Orient. He is universally known as a poet whose particular service has been to smash the union between writing and weak aestheticism. With an utter disregard for pose, he has set forth a view of life intellectually and emotionally as vigorous as a great fist brought down upon a table. Of course, Claudel is known to despise the "attitudes" of his modernistic age—the condescension with which weak simpletons talk of God; the splitting up of life's substructure into doubts and moral abstentions; the edging away from the great, filled beaker of unified body and soul. But he has not scourged his time. He has preferred to shout good news of eternity, and to emphasize the abiding adventures which engage men upon this round, full earth. It is a pleasure to say that understanding American readers have, in the past, done much to establish Claudel's reputation. The first English translations of his work—they were very good translations, by the way—were issued by the Yale University Press. The great poet comes, therefore, to a country that has not been indifferent to his achievement. If we are not mistaken, he will also prove equal to his diplomatic tasks. For he happens to be a man whom writing has not cramped into a myopic statuesqueness before an ink bottle.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITHIN the limits that the radio imposes, it would be difficult to name any recent talk so packed with useful information as the sermon by Bishop John J. Dunn sent over WLWL a few days ago, on Religion and Democracy. If to many persons, both within and without the Church, the truths about Catholicism's attitude to democracy, marshaled by the Auxiliary Bishop of New York, appear self-evident, it must be remembered that, to slightly paraphrase Mr. Kipling, what is a truism to one order of mind may be a wild and unheard-of novelty to another. Briefly, the comments were addressed to the common charge that the Church as an organism is subtly "undemocratic," and that its progress in a democratic country entails a special watchfulness on the part of those advocates who are making the preservation of democracy their special charge and making no secret of the fact.

THE evidence marshaled by Bishop Dunn to show the baselessness of the charge, does not need elucidation in these columns. One fact mentioned by him, namely that the theory and practice of democratic government was worked out by the older orders, notably the Dominicans, centuries before it became a lay possibility, is so suggestive that we hope to see it treated at the length it deserves. While awaiting this, a very interesting study would be to seek to identify the exact moment in history at which the idea that there was anything undemocratic in Church government became current. It was certainly not before the Reformation, either in England or on the continent. Then no charge more damaging to the old Church could be formulated than that it encroached upon the privileges of the king, and offended the pride of his nobles, largely through the lowly birth of its chiefs. We believe that an inquiry upon the lines we have suggested would discover three things. First, that there has often been, inside the Church, a healthy rivalry between two tendencies of government, democratic and undemocratic, and that, in the final issue, the democratic has generally won out. Second, that the conception of the Church as a vast organism, functioning with a terrifying efficacy only possible if its rule were kept absolute, does not date back much further than the French Revolution and revolutionary ideology. Third, that even then it did not arise with the people, but with those statesmen who, having discovered what a very ductile thing the popular will could be made, naturally attributed similar methods to the rival whom they found most obviously in their path and concerning whose real government it is enough to say that they shared the popular ignorance.

MME. OLGA PETROVA, actress, screen idol, and playwright has recently landed in New York, all "het up" because the Lord Chamberlain shook the curls of his long wig at certain dialogues in her new play, What Do We Want?, and wanted something else in their place. What the official seems to have objected to most, was the Hollywood idol's description of God as a "bully." "I mentioned Job and Saul of Tarsus," Mme. Petrova adds plaintively, "but the Lord Chamberlain replied that these two men lived centuries ago, when people did not know any better." One fancies, from the general tenor of the reply, that the official censor of plays in England was stifling a smile as he spoke; and it would be interesting to know just what concordance the Russian beauty put in as evidence for her amazing statement. At present, she is extracting what comfort she may from the statement from her English producer that "your sin was you believed the English people were grown-up enough to stand for a serious play on a serious subject." New York is promised the serious play which England has rejected (it concerns "a man who married a wife so that he would have constant temptation") and the mentally mature may look forward to the anthropomorphic joy of hearing a God in whom they profess their disbelief chided for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, let alone a Creator.

THE promotion of a club in London, mainly devoted to sporting activities and for which no prospective member more than forty-five years old is eligible, may be regarded as setting a limit to physical ability, which, even though it mercifully exceeds that once credited to Sir William Osler by a lustre, does not err on the side of optimism. Naturally, the proposal has aroused lively protest among those who see in it a slur upon their own persistence, and for their comfort, the career of Major Harry Merz, whose death from pneumonia at sixty-four has recently been reported in the obituary columns of the New York press, is propounded for consideration. Major Merz, an assistant clerk in the Magistrates Court of this city for thirty-one years and a member for twenty years of the National Guard, patriotically dedicated his infirmities to his country's service at the age of fifty-six, was posted to the 105th Infantry and permitted to see active service. The extent of his disabilities may be judged from the citation, together with the Distinguished Service Cross, given this gallant officer for his conduct during action in the Dickebush sector on August 27, 1918: "When his company was occupying a front-line position, and suffering heavy losses from a nearby enemy sniper, Lieutenant Merz located the sniper, left his shelter, and at great personal danger courageously advanced and succeeded in destroying the sniper and his nest with his hand-grenades." A record such as the late Major Merz's is not only a stirring example of patriotism. It proves how far toward life's limit sane living, enthusiasm, and what old doctors termed "vivida vis" will carry unimpaired the energies which the founders of the "too old at forty-five club" would have relegated to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a non-combatant rôle thirteen years before America was called upon to play her part in the great war.

IN commemoration of several anniversaries, the German publishing firm of Joseph Kösel and Friedrich Pustet, which was formed in 1920 through a fusion of two old and meritorious houses, has issued a "jubilee almanac." A mere glance at this beautifully made and exceptionally interesting little volume demonstrates the comparative amateurishness of religious book-making in the United States. A more careful reading of the text, which consists chiefly of excerpts from recent publications, is a really impressive introduction to a new and virile Catholic literature. Novelists, poets, and writers in the more serious fields of history and philosophy reveal a mastery of technique as well as a steady consciousness of the present age. One cannot help relishing the sincerity and power of it all. These are men and women who, grouped by an actively coöperative publisher, live in the current of noble literature and have shuffled off a great deal of that timidity and clumsiness which are the curse of so much that is being written in English from the Catholic point of view. It is a pleasure to congratulate the firm. It is instructive to observe also that a major part of what it has been able to accomplish is the fruit of the enthusiasm enkindled by a great editor, Dr. Karl Muth. His monthly periodical—known the world over as Hochland—has been a kind of hearthfire to a great deal of intelligent creative work. Distinguished for tolerance and cultivation, it has earned the generous friendship of readers who are not in agreement with the basic principles upon which the magazine itself was founded.

OF the firm, it may be said that its memories go back, to some extent, for more than three centuries. The printing of liturgical books has earned for it an extensive reputation, the Regensburg missal setting a standard for topography and beautiful format. Very early in its career, it also undertook to issue a complete library of the Fathers. Later equally important tasks which naturally accrue to an industrious religious publisher were carried out faithfully and successfully. In spite of difficulties and occasional mistakes, the record is therefore attractive and encouraging. We think it may profitably be contemplated in the United States. It is not desirable that we should attempt to duplicate what has already been excellently done abroad. But many an undertaking awaits support and fulfilment among us, so that the influence of a good example would be most salutary. That cheapness and absence of taste are deplorable; that good work is in the long run more profitable than shoddy craftsmanship; that the business of religion is not limited to an esoteric circle—all these are things that need to be understood even at the cost of taking a few risks. If the little "jubilee almanac" we mention could be circulated widely, it would have the valuable stimulating effects of a good bottle of wine.

BITTER storms which have scourged various districts emphasize a need which always comes to mind in a particular way at this season of the year. The outstretched hand of the man who has been defeated and broken by life; the faces of little ones, cold and starving in some humble house which a stricken breadwinner can no longer support; and, in distant chaotic lands, entire villages of famished widows and orphans, asking vainly for a dole—these are a few recurrent scenes in the pageant of this Christmas time. It is pleasant to turn from them to bright windows in front of which prosperous shoppers dream of gifts to be given and received. The note of glee so prevalent is perhaps the finest spark in which an age-old, traditional thanksgiving for life is expressed. But treasurable as this is, the fact remains that He in whose honor the festival abides asked primarily, with a sacred earnestness in His gaze, for one thing—the cup of cold water for those who thirst. Two thousand years of Christendom have not banned cold, hunger, and nakedness, because the mandate of charity has been too noble for men to obey. The "cases" reported by various metropolitan agencies are in touching and desolating contrast with the prevailing festival splendor. Even more harrowing is the news from the Near East, as set forth by several welfare agencies and discussed on public platforms. To neglect these would be treason to the best instincts of the heart of man, and a denial of the Saviour's firm request.

CURIOUSLY enough, educational ventures long postponed often profit by the delay in the sense that they avoid the mistakes of others and take advantage of modern conditions. When the Sisters of Saint Dominic, of the Congregation of Saint Mary of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio, undertook to found a college for women in the state of Connecticut, where Catholic higher education had not developed fully, they found at hand an unusual but advantageous situation. Proximity to Yale University made it possible to add some very good visiting teachers to the staff; and the very fact that the school was isolated left it free of hampering traditions and unembarrassed by what can only be termed competition. Standards, for instance, have been made relatively high. In order that students may be equipped to pursue advanced courses, both literary and scientific, Latin is required of all candidates for admission, and before graduation each student must show her ability to use as working tools two modern languages other than English. The essentially Catholic side of the curriculum is, of course, not neglected. Every student, regardless of sect (non-Catholics are admitted on an equal basis with Catholics) is required to complete a three-year course in philosophy, embracing logic, epistemology, ontology, in the first year;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cosmology, psychology, theodicy, in the second year; and ethics in the third year. Catholic students, in addition, are required to take each year a one-hour course in religion, covering in the four years, apologetics, dogma, and moral. The situation of the college gives it the advantages to be had only in university or metropolitan centres, while permitting it to have grounds and buildings of a type unavailable in large cities.

AGILE apologists for some of the forms which realism takes on the stage will have a weighty task in explaining the revival of profanity in dramatic productions when it is obviously declining in normal conversation. Thanks to the Holy Name Society, happily aided, no doubt, by a general spirit of shunning artificial emphasis which is abroad in the English-speaking world, swearing is now considered vulgar in circles which once tolerated or encouraged it. The close-clipped speech which is a characteristic of the present generation tends to exclude profanity as a superfluity, even if not on moral grounds. Why, then, are actors and actresses, whose rôles on the stage have been free of profanity in the past, now called upon to mouth it pertly from Broadway to the far demesnes of the dramatic hinterland? Authors write it in their lines, perhaps. Producers and directors order it, certainly.

IS it not a part of the code of the neo-realists that drama shall be stripped of all false appeal, and stand or fall in the public estimation on its own merits? Frequent changes of scenery are in disfavor because they distract attention from the drama itself. Music is unpopular in the strictly dramatic theatre because it is not of the inmost fabric of the entertainment. Even literary form in the drama is being avoided as savoring of a distraction. Yet with all this flourish about simplicity, directness, and naturalness, we have an outburst of profanity in the spoken lines of many plays. It adds nothing to the meaning—tends, in fact, to obscure it. A strong expression is not made dramatically stronger by it, and indeed, is weakened by the cheap and commonplace attempt to accentuate. The noblest lines of drama are without profanity. There is an omnibus definition of realism which has a vogue in some quarters. According to this definition, anything which conceivably may have happened, is real, and therefore suitable for stage portrayal. It is undeniably true that many persons still use profanity, and that it may suit the purposes of dramatists here and there to cause the simulated forms of these persons to strut for a brief hour on the stage. But why more so than before? Why a tendency on the stage when the opposite tendency is so greatly in evidence in real life? Surely this is unreal realism, on which some of the pundits of the new drama can well afford to reflect without having their thoughts confused by radiations of influence from the box-office.

ONTARIO VERSUS PROHIBITION

AFTER a ten-year trial of prohibition, Ontario has voted for liquor sales under government control. As a consequence the whole of Canada (the three small maritime provinces being the only exceptions) has abandoned prohibitory laws enacted during the period of the war.

Ontario's verdict against prohibition was in many respects extraordinary. The province was the cradle of the prohibition movement in Canada. On six occasions during the past thirty years, its people have voted "dry"; and it is a fortress of the United Church (Presbyterians and Methodists) of Canada, which remains militantly and uncompromisingly prohibitionist. Despite all of this, Mr. Howard Ferguson, Conservative Premier of the province, who appealed to the electors with a policy of liquor sales in government shops, was returned to a legislature of 112 members with 74 anti-prohibition followers, and with three Liberals and one Laborite pledged to him. The popular majority against prohibition exceeded 100,000.

The Ontario Temperance Act, under which prohibition in Ontario became operative, was enacted in 1916 by a Conservative government headed by Sir William Hearst. Its adoption was, like that of similar prohibitive measures elsewhere, an expression of war-time unrest and anxiety. The act was passed in advance of normal public sentiment, and it was never successfully enforced for the reason that public opinion was never unanimous, or even nearly unanimous, in favor of its enforcement. Three different governments did their best to make the law effective. Their failure was represented by a sale of $5,000,000 worth of liquor under medical prescriptions; by an estimated sale of an additional $30,000,000 worth by bootleggers; by a growing contempt for and increased violations of law; and by an enormously heightened cost of law enforcement. Under the shelter of the act prohibiting open transactions in liquor there sprang up and flourished a bootleg industry which enriched the lawbreaker and was responsible for the distribution of inferior and sometimes poisonous beverages. The public saw this. They saw, too, the successful operation of the government control system in neighboring provinces, and the contrast had its inevitable effect upon popular sentiment.

Growing dissatisfaction with prohibition was revealed in a plebiscite taken in 1924, when the law was sustained by the narrowest possible margin. In 1919, a vote showed 68 percent of the people to be in favor of prohibition and 32 percent against it; in 1924, the act was supported by 51 percent, the adverse vote having risen to 49 percent. It became obvious then that an act supported by only half the province, a half which did not include the larger cities and towns, could not be enforced successfully, and that difficulties attending its operation were certain to increase. Mr. Ferguson,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accordingly, although himself a strong supporter of temperance, decided to abandon prohibition, and to establish a system of government shops from which liquor in sealed packages could be sold to persons having permits to buy it. He dissolved the legislature and appealed to the province on that policy.

The contest that followed was extraordinary bitter, the pulpit to a large extent being pitted against the politicians. With the exception of a statement exposing some of the defects of the prohibitory law issued by Bishop Fallon, of London, and a further statement along similar lines by a well-known Toronto Paulist, Father John Burke, the Catholic Church held aloof from the conflict. But the United Church of Canada, the most powerful religious organization in the province, challenged Mr. Ferguson with all of its wealth and power and prestige. It fought with a fury such as had seldom been witnessed in the politics of the province. It put its ministers on political platforms; and the strange spectacle was seen of the Conservative party, overwhelmingly Protestant and Orange, engaged in a death struggle with ministers of the church that had so often thundered against clerical interference in politics.

The new government control law will not come into force until the legislature meets and gives it effect.

MISSIONARY LORE

AMERICANS of all denominations have long been interested enough in the work of foreign missions to make substantial contributions toward its support. Indeed, since the war the largest share of the financial burden has been shouldered by this country. Almost everybody who gives is, we suppose, confident that the goal is excellent and not disposed to inquire much further into the subject. Here and there, however, the campaign for mission funds has profited by stressing matters a little remote from spiritual conversion, but very human and rooted in custom. Thus the prevalent Chinese habit of tossing aside children who tax the family budget overduly, has aroused floods of pity and benevolence. Even the grandeur of the Himalayas and the sturdiness of the population resident among them has quickened imagination and stimulated charity. Thus the question suggests itself, would not a deeper understanding of the peoples among whom missionary work is being done make us all more eager to take a hand in that work? The question has corollaries, of course. The apostolate itself must have a clear knowledge of what manner of human material it is dealing with. To approach a native Patagonian with the best graces of continental society would be to covet scorn and failure.

From the very beginnings of Christian missionary endeavor, the truth that an apostle must be, if not a native, then willing to make of himself a native, had pretty well been taken for granted. The Jesuit and Franciscan records of the age of discovery show this very plainly. But during a later period, religious and commercial ventures among pagans were so closely interrelated and so strictly governed by nationalistic stipulations that a tendency to make the missionary a representative of his own country rather than a "native" became quite prevalent. It was believed—in spite of the old experience—that the superiority of western civilization would be demonstrated by business and industry, leaving the spiritual worker to put on "the finishing touches." Naturally, the recent world conflict revealed the utter impossibility of progress according to this method. Missionaries have swiftly and firmly gone back to the truth. Today the Catholic apostolate is profoundly interested in the scientific study of what we may call "lore." It wishes to know the habits and the history of the so-called primitives. It is eager to understand their psychology, particularly as it affects religion. And so the Catholic Anthropological Conference, to which attention was drawn in The Commonweal some time ago, has been established in the United States.

We wish here to call attention to the able paper setting forth the purposes of this Conference which Dr. John M. Cooper has contributed to the November issue of the Ecclesiastical Review. Because this magazine is read, for all practical purposes, by the clergy alone, it may be worth while saying that Dr. Cooper proves the necessity for readable and informative compendia from the vast accumulation of materials supplied by ages of missionaries. Here is to be found the largest collection of facts and observations about the history and habits of "primitive" mankind ever to have been gathered. But it demands interpretation, correlation and, to some extent, correction. Thus the help of trained anthropologists is required. Obviously, however, we need also to develop the practice of general reading in this missionary lore. Nothing would establish so well the solidarity between missionaries and their supporters.

Several bright papers published in this country (at Maryknoll and elsewhere) encourage this practice. But the best effort yet made, and strangely enough it is not mentioned by Dr. Cooper, is Les Missions Catholiques, of Lyons. During the many years since it began to appear, this journal has printed an almost incomparably interesting dossier of first-hand reports from the missionary field of action. A person who has read nothing else about anthropology would have a fairly broad vision of the field and its possibilities. We think that if a summary of the subject could be prepared in something like the spirit of Les Missions Catholiques, it would find a welcome, and proffer assistance in a way no text-book or abstractly scientific thesis could. When one remembers the effect of one missionary monograph well done—René Bazin's Père Foucauld—one feels that a publication of the kind we suggest would do a world of good.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST WHAT IS MATRIMONY?

By L. J. S. WOOD

NOT long ago, an excellent Catholic asked a highly placed personage in Rome for advice concerning the possibility of the "annulment" of the marriage of a friend who was in doubt and troubled on the matter. To his surprise, he was severely reprimanded. Two seconds' thought showed him his mistake. But if a good Catholic can slip into an inaccuracy, a capital inaccuracy, like that, some misunderstanding about Catholic matrimony on the part of non-Catholics is excusable.

There was misunderstanding about Pius X's marriage legislation eighteen years ago. On the part of the ordinary non-Catholic public it was excusable; on the surface the Ne Temere might seem hard. What was not excusable was the refusal of most writers, claiming to be competent, to take any trouble really to understand what the legislation said and meant, to understand, to begin with, what matrimony is and means in the Catholic Church.

A good deal is being written now, I understand, about Catholic marriages under the heading, "Marlborough." A good deal was written some years ago under the heading, "Boni de Castellane-Gould." These are judgments—the Ne Temere was legislation simple; but a moment's thoughtful consideration of what Catholic matrimony is and means would make both clear to any ordinary intelligence.

The Catholic Church has seven sacraments and holy matrimony is one of them. This divine sacrament has to be actuated—the incompetent phraseology may be excused—by human beings. It is, in simple fact, a contract, raised by Our Lord, in the case of baptized Christians, to the dignity of a sacrament. Everyone knows that there are certain things necessary for a contract to be valid. Both the persons and the matter must be competent. To begin with, the contract must be free. If a piece of land is being sold the land itself must be free to be bought and sold, the buyer and the seller must be free. Otherwise there is no valid contract. In this marriage contract, raised for Catholics to the dignity of a sacrament, the persons must be free. The case which is being spoken of now has been considered by a competent diocesan court; it has been sent on to Rome, where it has come in the ordinary course before the Court of the Roman Rota, and it has been found that one of the persons contracting was not free. Therefore there is no contract, there is no sacrament, there is no marriage. In other words, the means of actuation of this sacrament on earth, this union of two individuals, is the consent of the two parties to the contract. But consent must be free. It has been found that there was not free consent.

It is obvious that this sacrament of matrimony either is or is not. For the persons in question, either they are married or they are not married. That is why the highly placed personage mentioned reprimanded the honest but inaccurate Catholic inquirer, "annulment" being an impossible expression. If you are married you are married and that marriage cannot be annulled. Nor, obviously, can a marriage be annulled if it has never existed. On the other hand, a Catholic can always ask Holy Church whether he is married or not. And competent authority, which is the Court of the Roman Rota, will consider first, all the facts of the case; and second, the law of the case—that is, the application of the law of the Church to the facts of the case—and will deliver judgment. It will also entertain appeals either on the law of the case or on any fresh facts ascertainable. In the second of the cases referred to, Boni de Castellane-Gould, there were three hearings before three different turni of the Rota and the decision was given by the two concurrent judgments that "the nullity of the marriage was not proven." There was a marriage. An appeal was put in, and granted for hearing, on a point of law; it failed. A further appeal was made to the Pope who ordered a reconsideration by a special cardinalitial commission; it confirmed the judgment. Another consideration by another commission reconfirmed that judgment which, be it noted, was in favor of the non-Catholic.

It will be seen that Rome does not refuse consideration, and reconsideration, when cause is shown. And it is an interesting fact, in view of allegations sometimes made, that in the majority of cases brought before the Rota the suit is made in forma pauperis, Rome, that is, and its trained expert advocates do not get paid for their services.

The Catholic Church is a rather jealous institution. It has well-defined laws and it insists that they be obeyed. One of those laws is that marriage is marriage; it cannot be "annulled"; there is no such thing as divorce. And it is very particular about the credentials of its citizens. Every institution that respects itself is so, has a right to be so. The United States has been seen to be very particular, and quite rightly, as to the character of the persons whom it admits, even temporarily, within its borders. So it is that the Catholic Church makes strict inquiries as to the status of persons asking admission to the fold. So it is that if anyone, the Duke of Marlborough or anyone else, makes such request, the Catholic Church will have to tell him what its laws are, including, if occasion arises, its laws about marriage: that if you are married you are married and divorce does not exist.

But it is fair. If such person asks, in a special case which affects him, for an interpretation of a law, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church has the authority and the duty to give it. If he says: "I went through a ceremony of marriage; was that marriage according to the law of the Church?" then the Church is bound to put in action the authoritative means at its disposal to answer. And to tell him what, if necessary, he must do on that point, to qualify himself to be a member of the fold.

If, as is reported, the Duke of Marlborough desires to be a Catholic, the Church must satisfy itself as to his status. For, if he was married, was divorced, was remarried, then his status is not such as to admit him to the fold and the Church is bound to tell him what he must do to qualify. If, on the other hand, the marriage ceremony through which he went did not constitute a marriage according to the law of the Church, then on that point there is no obstacle. What has happened is that Rome has examined his credentials and has found them on that point satisfactory. No one will dispute her right and her duty to make such examination; few, I think, will dispute her competence to judge. Nor, be it said as simple fact, if anyone did protest, would the Church cease to hold and to say that certain qualifications are necessary for its citizenship; that it has certain laws which can be interpreted if necessary, but in any case must be obeyed. Incidentally, the judgment makes it possible for the first wife now to contract a marriage valid in the eyes of the Church; and, of course, it does not touch the civil status of the children in the least.

It is said that a marriage case in Rome is never finished. And it is a fact that Rome will never refuse to consider an appeal on a given judgment either on a point of law or if new evidence is shown to be available. The Castellane-Gould record shows how patient are Popes and courts. In the present case nothing prevents a further hearing. Rome, in fact—to quote a learned writer—"is loath to decree a marriage null and set the parties free, but will require the whole case to be tried over again by a fresh court, and it is only when a second verdict corroborates the first that it will confirm and act upon it." Always available and very much alive here also are the learning and keen intelligence of the Defensor Vinculi who can be fully trusted, if only for his own reputation, to miss nothing telling in favor of the defense and upholding of the marriage bond.

In the list of Rota cases definitely concluded last year, nine depended solely on the question of consent; indirectly or in conjunction, it entered into a great number of others. In five instances, the case for nullity was found to be proven; in four, the marriage was found to be a good and true marriage.

A BRITISH LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

AFTER sitting for more than a month in the historic precincts of 10 Downing Street, the British Empire Conference has thus defined the alliance between Great Britain and the self-governing dominions:

> Their position and mutual relation may be readily defined. They are autonomous communities within the British empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by common allegiance to the crown and freely associated as members of the British commonwealth of nations.

To get a true comprehension of what this means, it is necessary to go back to pre-war years. Before 1914, the British dominions (not to be confused with British crown colonies) were equipped with national governments. In all essential respects save one, those governments were already on a footing of equality with the government of the United Kingdom. To all intents and purposes their local autonomy, their control of their domestic life, was, as Mr. Asquith said at the Imperial Conference in 1911, "absolute, unfettered, complete." But over external affairs, over foreign policy, except when it was concerned purely with matters of trade, they had no control at all.

It was not until the Conference of 1911 that the dominion statesmen were even informed of the secret cardinal facts on which British diplomacy turned; and almost in the same breath that the British Prime Minister avowed the absolute local autonomy of the dominions, he declared that they could not share with the mother country in the indivisible responsibility for the management of foreign affairs.

This was an anomaly which in any event could not have lasted much longer. For its meaning, stated plainly, was that the dominions might at any moment be involved in war as a result of a course of policy which they had had no hand at all in shaping. It was agreed, it is true, that the dominion governments and Parliaments were entitled to decide what part their countries should take in such a war—whether they should remain inactive, or whether, as happened in 1914, they should join in it with all their strength. But that was all. In any case they could not be neutral. The moment the king declared war, as a result of the policy and upon the advice of his ministers in Britain, every subject of the king was at war, shackled by the diplomatic and economic restrictions of belligerent status. This position was bound to seem intolerable to any vigorous and self-respecting democracy as soon as its meaning was clear; and its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meaning was made instantly and unmistakably clear in August, 1914. As the war dragged on, making more and more drastic demands on the national life of the dominions, the determination of their peoples grew stronger and stronger that never again would they be content to have no voice in what had been proved to be the greatest of all their concerns. It was not a question of challenging the wisdom of British foreign policy prior to 1914. It was a matter of principle, of self-respect, of national duty.

Long before the war was over, the anomaly had been removed. At Christmas, 1916, on the initiative of Lord Milner, as Colonial Secretary in Mr. Lloyd George's government, the prime ministers of the dominions were invited to join with the British war cabinet in conducting the policies of the war. In the imperial war cabinet which met in 1917, and in the British empire delegation at the Paris Peace Conference, the dominion premiers sat as equals beside their British colleagues, and shared equally with them in settling the decisive issues of the war and of the peace. It only remained for this new status to be given formal endorsement.

A resolution was accordingly carried by the Imperial War Conference in 1917, on motion of the Prime Minister of Canada, that the post-war organization of inter-imperial relations must assign to the dominions "an adequate voice in foreign policy," and to this end should provide "effective arrangements for continuous consultation in all important matters of common imperial concern, and for such necessary concerted action, founded on consultation, as the several governments may determine." Finally, to make it manifest that such concert in action should be a concert of equals, it was agreed, again at the instance of the Prime Minister of Canada, that separate plenipotentiaries, separately empowered by the king, should sign the Treaty of Versailles on behalf of each of the dominions. A landmark had been reached in the constitutional development of the empire.

But, as invariably happens with the handiwork of men, the new order did not fulfil the high hopes of its authors. Eight troublous post-war years revealed that there may be a difference in the theory of equality, and its actuality; that a dominion voice in British foreign policy is not easy of achievement; and that it is still more difficult to provide "effective arrangements for continuous consultation" in matters of common concern. And so misgivings arose. Was it wise, it was asked, for young communities, so far away from Europe, to link themselves so closely with its fate? Ought they to shoulder responsibilities involved in European and world arrangements, whether they had a voice in their making or not? Should Canada, in particular, being a North-American nation, mix herself up in European concerns—especially in military compacts? In other words, was the status achieved in 1917 the last word for the dominions? Could there be a common empire foreign policy?

The Imperial Conference that has just closed its sessions in London, has answered those questions. Under the heading, General Conduct of Foreign Policy, it has declared: "We felt that the governing consideration underlying all the discussions of this problem [foreign policy] must be that neither Great Britain nor the dominions could be committed to acceptance of active obligations except with the definite assent of their own government."

Thus, unmistakably, the idea of a common empire foreign policy, in which all of the dominions should have a voice, and for which all should be consequently responsible, has been abandoned. In its stead—and marking the farthest advance that has yet been made in the evolution of the British empire into a mere loose alliance of states—has come the principle that each nation in the empire shall be free to act as it pleases, and that none shall be in a position to bind all or any of the others. That, beyond any question, is the most important thing that has come out of this conference. From being in a position, only twelve years ago, where they had no voice in British foreign policy, yet were responsible for it in blood and treasure, the dominions have advanced to the point where the British government has no control over them whatever, and where they may adopt any foreign policy that suits them.

The implications of this are obvious. One of them, unquestionably, is that the British empire today is an empire in name only; and that to all intents and purposes the dominions are full sovereign states, exercising the rights of full sovereign states in the world. Whether such an alliance could sustain the shock of war, no one, of course, can tell. In Canada and other dominions, particularly South Africa and the Irish Free State, there is a fairly strong demand that in the future they shall not become too much implicated with European affairs. If, therefore, in consequence of such a treaty as Locarno (which Canada, South Africa, and the Irish Free State have not accepted) Britain should become involved in war, it is not impossible that these dominions would be automatically neutral, instead of being at least technically at war when Britain was at war. In other words, a dominion of the so-called British empire, having declared its neutrality, would, when Britain went to war, be obliged to make no distinction between Britain and her enemy.

How the new doctrine (separate foreign policies) will work out, only the future can tell. A vast deal will depend, however, upon whether Britain is prepared to sacrifice European entanglements for the sake of empire unity. The statesmen of Britain may not now fully grasp that fact, but ultimately, it is believed, they will realize it as being of vital importance in maintaining the British league.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MELANCHOLY FARMER

By LEO L. WARD

PATIENCE, if we look at history, seems to be the agricultural virtue. The peasant always appears, with his oxen, a long-suffering gigantic figure of toil—even when he sings as he plows. There has been an epic patience in all peoples of the soil. Always the farmer somehow has been able to get a satisfaction out of life—an abiding, resigned contentment in the work of his hands—always, until now in our own day and in the vast new country of our Middle-West.

Anyone who belongs to the Middle-West, who is close to the heart of its people, knows that there is in them a disappointment—a sharp disappointment. Somewhere from out of the prairie grasses a small and rather sudden sting of bitterness, like that of a half-grown rattlesnake, has been felt by the people, and its poison has spread through the rural sections generally. A dissatisfaction with their state, which is to an extent a dissatisfaction with life itself, has blown across the Middle-West like one of those "hot-winds" which the corn farmer of Illinois fears all during July and August. The recent loud knocking on the doors of Congress, with an appeal for material help, has been only one expression of a discontentment which is concerned with more than the price of wheat. The exodus of farmers' sons to the cities has been perhaps a more significant, if a less conspicuous phenomenon indicating how serious is the discontent. The scarcity of labor, most acute at times during late years, has not been the result of low wages only—but of a certain widespread and persistent feeling that life is squandered if it lives out its days in the monotony of a cornfield.

But if one wants to know most surely and intimately of this incipient dissatisfaction which has been growing in the Middle-West, one had best read of it, not in the newspapers which can tell only of such social phenomena as the McNary-Haugen bill, but in the conversation of the people. Step into a local grain warehouse any time after harvest is over, when the farmers have time to gather there and talk a little, and you will know how impatient with things as they are have the men of Middle America become. Or listen to them over their neighborly fences, and you will hear much more than a farmer's proverbial complaining. Even at home, when the day is done—and even in spite of an occasional band-concert in the nearby town and perhaps a radio too—even with these is life somehow a more or less hollow affair. There is something wrong. The farmer is, to an unwholesome extent, dissatisfied.

One of the patent and more immediate reasons for this condition is of a financial nature. The fact is, the average mid-western farmer cannot get a business man's normal return out of his investment. This condition, extended over such a large territory, is a serious cause of the present discontentment. The average land-owning farmer, especially if he has any mortgage on his land, cannot hope to make any financial headway; and he has, in a large number of cases, slipped backward—while many have failed entirely.

The result of this is that the farmer cannot keep abreast of the American standard of living. That is, he cannot hope for a return from his ownings which corresponds to the business man's normal return from his ownings; and consequently the farmer cannot hope to live with the same degree of comfort and convenience as can, say, the grocer whose store is of the same value as the farmer's farm. And dissatisfaction, of course, grows naturally out of such a condition of affairs, which during the past few years has been chronic. During the war, and for a short period immediately afterward, the farmer could live practically on the same plane as the business man of equal means. He received a profit upon his ownings which approximated a normal business return. And especially during the first few months after the war did the farmer have a taste of what modern prosperity is. During that time he sent his children to good schools, owned a good automobile—and perhaps for the first time in his life took a vacation or two in the form of long motor trips. And that was enough to awaken in him an understanding of what the new American standard of living means for human life. The farmer was ready to enjoy the comfort of the prosperous middle-class. His heart hoped for a legitimate amount of pleasure, and he had dreams of resting his tired body and refreshing his weary spirit with what for him were to be new luxuries.

But his hope was cut short. He had tasted prosperity and its modern comforts, but he was not to continue eating of the good things. His brother, the grocer, would continue sitting at table; but the farmer had to get up and go back to his twelve and fourteen-hour day, and his salt pork. For the bottom fell out of practically all markets, particularly all grain markets. And the large figure of the middle-western farmer was bent over his labor again in a disappointment that has remained acute ever since.

Of remedies suggested there have been no end. There has been talk and talk, even in Congress, of the possibilities of "better farming," and of a wider variation of crops; but, with Senator Reed of Missouri, shrewd and experienced farmers everywhere have asked to be shown the great feasibleness of any large change of present crop rotations; and secondly,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

why an increased supply resultant upon better farming would solve the difficulty of disastrously low markets. On the other hand, there have been those who have advocated "less farming" and fewer farmers; which is, of course, a partial solution toward which present conditions of over-supply naturally tend; but as a deliberate and organized policy, this is rather a clumsy aim. There are also the suggested changes of tariff; but tariff can be at best a help, not a remedy, for the farmer's troubles. One suggestion, alone, of permanent and of thorough value has been made; but its only defect is that it is so much more easily made than carried out that the result so far has been a great amount of talking and comparatively little actual effective application of remedy. This suggestion is the much considered coöperative movement; a movement too sound in principle to be argued about. But in the Middle-West, in the great grain-growing states, the farming population is so large and so heterogeneous that all efforts at anything like a general effective coöperative movement among the farmers has heretofore always failed ignominiously.

The one outstanding instance of a general coöperative attempt was the Grain Growers' organization of a few years ago. And this resulted in such a general frustration of effort that for the sake of preserving confidence in the coöperative principle itself it were better, it would almost seem, had the Grain Growers not made their attempt. Due to a lack of confidence, to the difficulties natural to the organization of great numbers of men into one efficient business company—and probably, too, to a traditional reluctance on the farmer's part to enter coöperatively into new ventures—the attempt made then at organizing a great agricultural business enterprise that could promise any large alleviation of rural financial troubles failed practically without hope of revival for some time. It may be unduly pessimistic to say so, but it surely seems that there is little hope of an effective coöperative undertaking on any adequate scale among the general farming population of the Middle-West for some years to come.

But what can be done? Is there no possibility of remedy? Surely no complete and immediate remedy. Recurrent coöperative attempts will undoubtedly be able to do no little good. But the flux of supply and demand, it would seem, must be expected to work out the chief benefits that are possible; and this will, with time, no doubt right the leaning agricultural finances to within at least a line of safety. But in the meantime the discontent, more or less profound as it has become, must continue to work its way to the skin—to be sweated out as best it may under the burden of the farmer's toiling.

Which brings us to the last and most important question concerning the farmer—the American farmer. Why have these physical conditions brought him to such bitter impatient discontentment? I know a professor who has a pet theory about farmers. He says that all inland peoples are materialistic—meaning, particularly, all inland agricultural peoples. Perhaps the professor is right about the matter; it is one of those questions which probably never could be settled one way or the other. But there is in opposition to the professor's indictment one fact in connection with the American farmer which is important. The American farmer wants some sort of idealism. He is waiting for anything that might occasionally lift him out of the soil. A weekly band-concert, a poor movie, a cheap radio—on rare occasions, a circus—lately the Klan with all its grotesque amusement—all these and many other things the farmer will grasp at as possible, if often shoddy, satisfactions for some craving in him that he himself has not stopped to analyze. All of it is a thirst for some kind of escape, some sort of sublimation by which he can live above the burdens of his toil—some kind of idealism in which he can find for himself a more satisfactory life.

In education he is perhaps beginning to place a hope of securing this idealism that should make his life adequate. But if education saves the American farmer from himself and from his condition of life, then history will have something to record which will have never occurred before. There is only one idealism which has ever been able to preserve in any agricultural people a full, wholesome confidence in life and its greater promises. And this idealism is, of course, religion. In Raymont's epic story of the Polish peasant, one learns, with a sweeping intimate conviction, what religion can do toward saving a naturally melancholy, extremely overburdened people from their terrible daily despairs. There is in literature scarcely a more moving scene than that in which, on Christmas eve, Roch, the old saint of his people, sends home the whole population of the village, living in the actuality of hopes and dreams that, as they well knew, could never perish. And there is the Italian, who still sings in his vineyards after these hundreds of happy years of labor; and the French peasant also, who has kept faith in life and in men under his toil because he sometimes stops working to pray.

Coöperative movements, if not McNary-Haugenism or tariffs, can perhaps, after some time, give the farmer good markets. But the farmer needs more than good markets. His is a hard and laborious life at best, and he needs not only something to save him from his little daily despairs, but something also to lift him above the whole monotony of the soil. What he must have is some sort of idealism—to lift his eyes occasionally from the furrow. There is only one sort that will be always adequate—the durable idealism of religion. Only a vital religion, a living faith, can under all circumstances preserve the old and quite necessary agricultural virtue of patience. And patience, as well as good markets, must help in saving the farmer from becoming too melancholy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CÉSAR FRANCK AT THE ORGAN

By ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

WHENEVER, after playing through a certain lovely but little-known collection of musical meditations by César Franck, I reach the ultimate page, I am invariably granted a revelation—a glimpse of the inner being of a great artist and a great man. As the final cadence dies out of the piano, and while a joyous andantino-rhythm still rings in my ears, and as I move to close the book, my eye falls on a publisher's note at the bottom of the leaf:

"Cet ouvrage a été malhereusement interrompu ici par la morte du maître, Novembre, 1890."

Unhappily interrupted here by the master's death. . . . Unhappily indeed! The original plan of this collection, entitled The Organist,* called for eighty-four little pieces. The volume contains only fifty-nine. Twenty-five still undone when the inevitable hour struck. Here is food for reflection—and, ultimately, not unhappy reflection.

My mind travels over to the church of Sainte-Clothilde in Paris, and then back some thirty-six years, in order to conjure up an image of a gentleman with large, kindly hands and grey side-whiskers. For it was at Sainte-Clothilde's organ, lodged in a high gallery, that the mild César Franck was presiding and laboring in 1890, in the seventy-eighth and last year of his life. Here he had been accustomed, for years, to delight the worshippers with the free outpourings of his fancy and genius. Here he surcharged the antique ecclesiastical atmosphere with the romantic feeling that found little vent in his rather drab daily life; here he compressed into the rigid structure of church-music forms the curiously woven fantasies of an artistic path-breaker. Into this gallery he retired, also, when the day's drudgery of teaching was over, when darkness invested the sound-sensitive, echoful spaces of the long deep nave—here he retired to work on, in solitude, at his own private projects.

And what were the projects that claimed these most precious moments of the grave and shy old master's declining days? For one thing, he toiled away there at the final registration of three elaborate, magnificent organ-chorals. This was, indeed, a worthy enterprise for the beloved, too-late-acclaimed leader of the youngest, most progressive musical spirits of the time—have they not all, from Satie to Debussy and Ravel, acknowledged their indebtedness to Franck's innovations? The composition of the Trois Chorals, written for the most complex and majestic of instruments and evoking all the resources of the medium and of its interpreter, was indeed a fitting labor for him, after days of patient instruction given cheerfully to scholars who cared little for the preciousness thereof.

So, even when weakened by his final illness, he dragged himself up to the console at Sainte-Clothilde, in order to be able to leave behind him when he departed for good, something that was really fitting, imposing, finished, perfect. This he managed to do—just in time. Those compositions, faultlessly constructed, sing out all his lyrical mysticism with all his characteristic restraint; yet they display, in certain surprising measures, all those fiery depths in his personality which were perforce held in check by the requirements of his respectable routine of life as organist and professor. He never swore at his pupils, but there are exclamatory curses in the Choral in E; his walking pace was sedate, but there are headlong charges in the Choral in A-minor; he was long-suffering and dumb under repeated disappointments, but there are outcries of chagrin and vengeance in the Choral in D-minor.

But even in those precious last moments of leisure, largely devoted to soaring aloft and giving free rein to the vast resources of the "grand-orgue" of Sainte-Clothilde, Franck could not altogether silence the keynote of his life: to give his best powers ungrudgingly to those weaker spirits who had most need of them. The chorals were for the few—but what of the many to whom their beauties must remain forever hidden? He set out to write, therefore, eighty-four compositions of the utmost simplicity, for that humble and generally despised instrument, the harmonium.

The slim volume of music which resulted, although labeled with ugly little circles, figures, and numbers, put there to guide the harmonium operator, nevertheless adapts itself beautifully to the half-percussive, half-singing qualities of our modern pianofortes. And it is child's play, technically—only slightly more difficult to execute than a booklet of hymn-tunes.

Thus, within a few octavo pages, one comes across a lovely, quiet Offertoire whose freshness is as naïve and odorless as a daisy; a bold and dashing Sortie; a piquant old Noël; a contemplative Communion that breathes luscious hothouse scents; an Amen that compresses a world of strong emotion into four simple measures. Here is endless invention, and—I use the word advisedly—genius.

Endless invention, eternal resourcefulness and ever-fresh variety! Yes, to be sure; but is there not a kind of monotony also? There is indeed a monotony which one might uncharitably call a "churchy" taint. Uncharitably? Why, yes; and above all, unreasonably. For the practical purpose of the volume is quite patent. Franck intended to supply organists of moderate

**L'Organiste, pieces pour orgue-harmonium, par César Franck (oeuvre posthume). Paris: Enoch et Cie.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powers with an eminently useful "auxilium musicale" —with a book of pieces arranged in groups or sets according to key or tonality, which might be employed at short notice in emergencies as they arose in the course of the ordinary Catholic services. It is natural, then, that one should be able to detect an undertone of coin-clinking and of stealthily-moving vergers in an Offertoire; and the shuffling dispersal of the congregation during a Sortie.

One can see, also, that Franck did more than satisfy the simple and homely requirements of his task. For he not only created the first and only volume in a dignified harmonium-literature, but he also added a very notable one to the library of any pianist, amateur or professional, who is worth the name; and, let me hope, to that of every nerve-worn piano-pedagogue. Here is a welcome antidote to the stiff Sonatinas of Clementi, and a variant to Schumann's overworked Scenes from Childhood.

All these academic considerations, however, are as nothing compared with the deeply spiritual moods which these pieces draw out of the piano. Take the first set of seven, in C. We find a lovely Allegretto, then an equally charming Andantino, then a Poco Lento with heavenly echo-effects, then a thundering minor Maestoso, then a lyric by a saner Chopin, then a series of throbbing violoncello passages, and the Amen; finally the Offertoire—and what a key-shift in measures nine to twelve! What quivering, autumn-night landscapes can be found in the pages which follow. There are flashes of shining arms and accoutrements in the opening measures of the set in D, and fiery drama galore in the Sorties in F and G. Try the Noëls and Chants for the fresh spirit of the countryside, carpeted in green for wooden shoes; and the Communions for heart-probings.

Beneath the unimposing surface of such extremely simple compositions as these rests the surest test of the real quality of any artist. This is true of painting —witness the sublime naïvete of Giotto, the stern absence of complexity in Michelangelo. It is true of poetry—think of Dante's sonnets, dear to youthful lovers; and of Shakespeare's songs, delightful to babes. Even more is it true of music—here the greatest personalities have produced quantities of "children's music" which never palls—Bach, his little books for his sons and daughters and nephews and nieces; Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, their sonatinas; Schumann, his Kinderscenen. Composers of the second rank do less—Tschaikowski, Rubinstein, and Richard Strauss produced one first-quality child's piece each: the Chant sans Paroles, the Melody in F, and the Träumerei respectively.

Third-rate artists produce none, and here is César Franck with fifty-nine! He passes another ordeal, and I am certain, is at this moment conversing amiably with Palestrina and Johann Sebastian—if there is a Paradise especially for musicians.

NEW ENGLAND FICTION

By ANNA MITCHELL

IN THE letters of Louise Imogen Guiney, which have recently been published, she is quoted as replying to a clerical friend who asked for her opinion of Enoch Frome, by Edith Wharton, which in 1911 was just off the press:

> As for its complete godlessness, I did not quite see why Mrs. Wharton should be made a scapegoat for that, the most terrible characteristic of modern New England fiction. Mrs. Wilkins Freeman is a great exponent of it; so is Hamlin Garland, and so is Arlo Bates—and in some degree even my own friend, Alice Brown. God and the moral law and the barrier of conscience, when it comes to a crisis, do not exist for our novelists.

The literary editor of one of our leading New England publications, in reviewing these letters, says: "I would like to have talked further with Miss Guiney on this subject that we might discover just what she meant by 'complete godlessness of New England fiction.' "

Since the silence of the grave has stilled that gifted writer's voice, I think that one claiming her for a friend, and appreciating her judgment, might be permitted to speak for her on this subject. Miss Guiney was an orthodox Catholic, steeped in the traditions of her Church. Under a happy, bantering repartee, she guarded sacredly a deeply religious nature. She lived for forty years of her life in New England, and during that time enjoyed the friendship of the literary coterie that flourished there during the last two decades of the nineteenth century. Her own religious convictions never hampered her judgment of others. Her outlook on life was so wide that it included all humanity; but her keen intellect quickly traced the relation between cause and effect, and made her impatient of illogical conclusions. The efficacy of substituting an individual ethical code for an organized church government, she naturally questioned; and hence the use of the term "godless" in speaking of New England fiction. She was well aware of the fact that fiction is supposed to be a picture of life, and the business of the novelist is to present it as she finds it.

She shows her characteristic sense of fair play when she defends Edith Wharton from being considered the scapegoat in her delineation of Enoch Frome. Mrs. Wharton was born in New York and became a resident of Paris by adoption. Her credo as a writer may be summed up in three words: class, culture, and morality. She is a clever master of technique, being at her best when she describes the wealthy, cultural class into which she was born. In Enoch Frome, she made a departure from the people with whom her sympathies were most keenly allied, and selected New England for the setting of her story. Her characters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in this book are of the soil. Here class and culture are eliminated, and nothing is left for the novelist to stress but morality; but a morality that is based on no external authority becomes merely a matter of individual interpretation of the responsibilities of men and women toward each other in mutual bonds and contracts. This soon falls to the level of emotional instinct, and the regulator of conscience is adrift—without chart or compass.

When the crisis of the story is reached, Enoch is obliged to decide between fidelity to his marriage bond, or suicide; and he chooses the latter exit. A coasting-hill on a winter's night is selected for the scene of the tragedy; and a tree at its base, into which he decides to steer himself and his companion, is the objective point. The tree refuses to become an accomplice in the crime and allows Enoch to miss his aim and escape uninjured; while the poor, deluded girl is maimed for life. A jump into the mill-pond would have been safer and surer, if Enoch had really wished to die. There is no retributive justice introduced, and it is here that the novelist's handling of her subject fully justifies Miss Guiney's statement that "God and the moral law, and the barrier of conscience when it comes to a crisis, do not exist for our novelists."

From this indictment, however, Hawthorne should have been exempt. He unquestionably stands at the head of American novelists; but his books were never best-sellers. Had he selected to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, his books might have attained to that distinction. He was a product of New England by birth and education; but unfortunately he lived before the moral screws of Puritanism had begun to loosen. In The Scarlet Letter, he gives us a New England story staged by a master hand. Here we have human temptation, with its consequent retribution, portrayed with Shakespearean skill. That he had the faith that comes through spiritual insight, is seen by the following passage in The Marble Faun:

> Christian faith is a grand cathedral with dimly pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light is revealed in a harmony of unspeakable splendor.

He paused at the portal of that vast cathedral and his vivid imagination caught the reflection of the light within. How his writing might have become illumined, had he, like his heroic daughter, who recently passed away, crossed the portal and basked in the full effulgence that radiated from the faces of saints and martyrs in those stained-glass windows!

The charge of "godlessness" is not confined to the inhabitants of New England. Nearly half the population of this country, according to statistics, have no acknowledged religious belief. Our civilization seems to have become blighted at the roots before attaining to full flower, and the writers who are helping to spread materialism are hastening an era of decadence.

JOSEPH ARCH: REFORMER

By WILKINSON SHERREN

THE centenary of the birth of Joseph Arch, the English rural reformer, which occurred on November 10 of this year, recalls how a great and holy Prince of the Church stretched out his hand with a gesture of sympathy to the Warwickshire peasant, who had trained himself for "spell-binding" while working as a Methodist lay preacher.

The peasants of England were sunk in abject poverty in 1872 (their banner year, as it turned out to be) and Joseph Arch, born at Barford in 1826, knew from personal experience how hard was their lot. He determined to bring about an improvement. Greatly daring—the time was when the rustic was under the squire's thumb—Arch started a campaign to induce the peasants to band themselves together in their own interests. England was set by the ears, and the result was that the Agricultural Laborers' Union was born.

Great publicity was secured by a big meeting at the Exeter Hall, London, when the quality of the platform did a good deal of credit to the country. The Lord Mayor of London was to have held the chair, but his place was taken at the last moment by Samuel Morley, M.P., a noted Liberal of his period. Archbishop (afterward Cardinal) Manning sat on the platform almost cheek by jowl with Charles Bradlaugh, the infidel, and Sir Charles Dilke, the man of the world; and listened to Joseph Arch and others speaking on behalf of their fellow rustics.

Cardinal Manning, as I must call him, proposed the first resolution: "That this meeting deeply sympathizes with the laborers of England in their depressed circumstances, believing their present position to be a disgrace in this age of civilization, and inimical to the best interests of the country, and is of opinion that measures should be adopted without delay for their social improvement and intellectual elevation."

In the summer of 1926, members of the English hierarchy made pronouncements in this spirit in regard to the lamentable state that had come upon the miners of England, Scotland, and Wales as a result of their efforts to obtain a living wage in the coal industry.

There is a generous reference to the great English prelate in the autobiography which Arch wrote near the end of his life:

"Cardinal Manning spoke up nobly for us. The testimony, at such a time, and in such a place, of a man so respected, and who occupied such a commanding position in his church, was of the greatest value to the Union. He said that the agricultural movement was not an act of insubordination; nor were the promoters of it mischievous agitators. Yes, Manning, both as Church of England parson, and as a Roman Catholic priest, ever proved himself the working-man's friend."

The story of Arch's life, written by himself, also contains a melancholy picture of what happened in a village Anglican church in England at the time of Holy Communion. The recollection belonged to his earlier days:

"First, up walked the squire to the Communion rail; the farmers went up next; then up went the tradesmen, the shopkeepers, the wheelwright, and the blacksmith; and then, the very last of all, went the poor agricultural laborers."

Joseph Arch lived to see trade-unionism a mighty force in the land, though his own union dwindled away to a sick and funeral benefit club. But he blazed a trail. He died at Barford in 1919, after noble work for the cause he had at heart.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

THE DOCTRINE OF FASCISM

Wollaston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The learned discussion of Fascism by Dr. John A. Ryan is very interesting. To the layman, who is also a business man, it would appear however that the outstanding fact in the whole matter is that the results of Fascism have been beneficial to the Italian nation.

While the methods followed in carrying out these results, perhaps do not fall in line with our ideals of democratic government, it might be remembered that Premier Mussolini is dealing with the Italian nation and not the American republic. Certainly he has not violated fundamental human rights to the extent that certain communistic legislation does in our country, and as certain proposed legislation further suggests doing.

In a word, Mussolini's work has been constructive. That strict discipline was needed in Italy there can be no doubt. The day may come when a like discipline will be needed in these United States. That day will not dawn, however, if sound Catholic principles are applied to the social problems of our country. By the same token they are bound to be sound American principles.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

Stockton, Calif.

TO the Editor—Pardon me for presuming to correct Dr. John A. Ryan, but I believe he is overstating his objections to Fascism in the articles recently appearing in your magazine. He affirms that "Fascism contradicts the Catholic doctrine. . . . " Now, it may be that there is an ideal form of civil society recognized as such by leading Catholic thinkers and Fascism may not be in accordance with that, but I hold that "any" form of civil society, if safeguarding the authority of the Church and allowing the spiritual development of man does not contradict Catholic doctrine. In fact, I think it is pretty well settled that, with the above provisos, the Church does not condemn any social system: feudalism, monarchism absolute or parliamentarian, republicanism, state socialism, democracy or autocracy, none of these systems is "per se" condemned by the Church. Of course, there may be a difference between "contrary to Catholic doctrine" and "condemnable by the Church"; but as the two phrases are liable to be taken in the same sense, I wish Father Ryan would make his point clearer. He probably does not mean to say that a good Fascist cannot be a good Catholic.

REV. A. R. BANDINI.

A LIVING WAGE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Du Brul (in his letter to The Commonweal of November 17) has unintentionally misquoted me. My contention is that the employer in question should pay either a living wage or, if that is impossible, suspend operations.

A living wage is a minimum wage, i.e., "enough to buy the necessities of life and enough of the luxuries to make working for the necessities a desirable thing." Mr. E. A. Filene (an employer and an economist) claims "that an industry which cannot afford to pay a living wage has no place in the economic picture. Wages which do not give the worker a chance to live properly are not real wages—they are counterfeit wages."

A living wage is not always a fair one, but a fair wage must be at least a living wage! The employer is under a moral obligation to pay at least a living wage. Mr. Du Brul may reply that that is quite all right for the employee, but what about the employer? To quote Mr. Filene again: "The big thing in industry that makes for high costs is waste—waste growing out of inefficient management. Until the minimum wage law [in Massachusetts] the easiest thing in the world was to cut down wages; but our industrial waste is enormous—even in those businesses with a reputation for careful and efficient management. Under present conditions they [the small manufacturers] are threatened with extinction. One of the ways for any one of them to lessen its chances for being forced out is to make its business more efficient." Mr. Herbert Hoover's committee of engineers found that "over 50 percent of the responsibilities for these wastes can be placed at the door of management and less than 25 percent at the door of labor." Labor organizations are now demanding that efficiency experts be consulted in an effort to find means of reducing management costs.

It is admitted that if the plant is enlarged it "will only make the price situation in his industry worse than ever." If, after reducing management costs, the employer cannot operate (paying a living wage) without financial difficulties he should shut down. The business which he now has and which is not sufficient to be profitable to him would increase the orders of the other plants in the industry and thereby improve the condition of the industry as a whole.

As for the Catholic moral aspect of the situation, I requote from Father Harrington's Catholicism, Capitalism or Communism, an excerpt from the Pastoral of the American Hierarchy: "The laborer's right to a decent livelihood is the first charge upon industry. The employer has a right to get a reasonable living out of his business, but he has no right to an interest on his investment until his employees have obtained at least a living wage. This is the human and Christian in contrast to the purely commercial and pagan ethics of industry."

ELIZABETH CHURCH.

LAWYERS AND CONSCIENCE

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal of September 29 carried these opportune and ponderous words: "The long-drawn-out battle to avoid punishment, it is noted, is suspiciously related to the funds of which the culprit disposes, and the charge is even made that, in accepting the money which he knows must be the fruit of crime, the lawyer who goes on fighting while there is a shot in the locker, is virtually an accessory after the fact." Such lawyers who love money more than justice are detrimental to society. Should not such men be punished and deposed? Catholic lawyers should protest and expose those lawyers who have no conscience. Besides, would not our country be more peaceful and better governed if lawyers were discarded? Judges are sufficient.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Ned McCobb's Daughter

A NEW play by Sidney Howard has become one of those events for which confirmed theatre-goers offer thanks. Although he has not yet projected on his audiences the sense of poetry and tragic gloom pervading the works of O'Neill, Mr. Howard has shown other qualities, strength and virility and knowledge of good theatre, which place him in the upper rank of American playwrights. His plays have one quality which even those of O'Neill lack. They are firmly anchored to the life of today, not in the photographic sense represented by George Kelly, but in the thoroughly theatrical sense of presenting old-age themes in vivid modern terms. Where Mr. O'Neill selects the abnormal for his material, and where Mr. Kelly selects the pitifully normal, Mr. Howard selects the excitingly normal; people whose sense of adventure has not been killed and who still have the power to achieve some of their dreams.

This by no means implies that Mr. Howard is not a poet. He can, when he wants to, write with the greatest poetic beauty. The simple fact of the matter is that he does not continue to hew to this line as closely as O'Neill is wont to do, either in the selection of his characters or in the general form of his plays.

Ned McCobb's Daughter, which has just been presented by the Theatre Guild Acting Company, probably has many faults. One could even tell its story so as to make it seem ridiculously trite. The more important fact remains that it is a tense, often very poignant, and certainly a thoroughly virile play in which the austere beauty of New England character is pitted against that amazing new product of the times, the character of New York's East Side. Old Captain McCobb's daughter, Carrie, has married the shiftless and good-for-nothing George Callahan with a brief prison record to his credit. Ned McCobb himself was once a sea captain, but has now been reduced to being captain of the Kennebec ferry-boat at Merrybay, Maine. Carrie, facing facts squarely, finds that she must support the whole family and opens a moderately prosperous Spa at the terminus of the ferry. As her assistant, she has Jenny, a girl of rather lurid past. Into this atmosphere there jumps the lumbering, coarse and brutally romantic figure of Babe Callahan, George's long missing brother. Babe is a bootlegger operating on rather a large scale. He has no morals and no manners. He has a prison record and is proud of it—for the novel reason that he "did time" at Atlanta penitentiary for a big offense instead of serving a term, like his brother, at a local prison for petty larceny. This distinction means a great deal to him when it comes to a show-down between the two brothers!

In the course of the play, Carrie discovers that her husband has been stealing money from the ferry company. The shock kills her father and leaves Carrie herself faced with the problem of raising $2,000 in twenty-four hours. Babe Callahan finds, in her plight, a gorgeous opportunity for his business. The essential respectability of Carrie's Spa, with her two children living in the adjoining house, is just the kind of cover he needs for his bootlegging operations. Be it said quite frankly that Carrie has no particular love for prohibition, but that her whole Yankee backbone rises in wrath at the thought of being compelled to yield to Babe under pressure. From this moment on the play becomes a battle of wits and character between Babe and Carrie, in which Carrie faces the further complication of discovering that her husband has brought more filth under her own roof by an affair with Jenny. Like so many other Howard characters, however, even Jenny has points. She has become utterly disgusted with George Callahan and asks nothing better of life than the chance to work and live on where she is, and learn to become something better. In Carrie's understanding of Jenny, in her salty battle with Babe, and in her almost tragic appraisal of her husband, she reaches the highest points of New England character at its best. Sharp to the nth degree in business, trusting to absurd limits in the honesty of others because of the essential integrity of her own make-up, there have been few stage portraits of recent years comparable to Carrie Callahan.

Nor in this connection must we forget that the Carrie, as seen on the stage of the John Golden Theatre, is far more than the work of Mr. Howard. It is the distinguished and quite amazing achievement of Clare Eames to whom the part was entrusted. As the Empress Carlotta in Juárez and Maximilian, Miss Eames already showed an extraordinary advance in the depth and power of her work. But as Carrie Callahan, she has created something unique. It would be very easy to play this part in the hard, clipped fashion so easily associated with New England, and to ignore entirely the explosive emotional depths which the very restraint of New Englandism has imbedded in its people. Miss Eames imbues the outwardly angular character of Carrie with a tremendous and a richness which make Carrie an utterly engaging and human individual, a vivid, living example of the great New England paradox.

Mr. Lunt does no less by the part of Babe Callahan. He manages in an amazing way to give glamour to the unutterable toughness of this product of New York. His dialect—what else can you call the new language springing up from the water fronts?—wanders a little at times. It does not always achieve the true tang of New York. But this is the only criticism which the most captious play-goer could bring against a fine and intensely colored impersonation. It is one of the best pieces of work Mr. Lunt has ever done and that is saying a great deal.

To Earl Larimore has been assigned the thankless part of the no account brother, Carrie's husband. He plays it with a keen understanding and no attempt to mitigate its general repulsiveness. By doing this he actually wins a certain sympathy and understanding which would have been entirely lost if he had sought for it consciously. Miss Margalo Gillmore also does an extremely sincere and moving bit of work in the part of the drudge, Jenny. Although Edward G. Robinson has but a very minor part to play, that of a Maine lawyer, his work still proclaims him as one of the most finished actors in the Guild Company. He has mastered completely the technique of transforming himself in appearance, voice, tension, and gesture. There are few who will fail to appreciate the amazing contrast between this Maine lawyer and the stalwart Porfirio Díaz of Juárez and Maximilian.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond the Horizon

AS THE second production of its season, the Actors' Theatre has revived, after a lapse of many years, this first full length play of Eugene O'Neill. The production is good, the acting occasionally fine, and the play still retains a deep, emotional power. Yet one comes away with the conviction that the present cast and James Light, the present director, have failed to give to Beyond the Horizon the subtler shades of emotion and striving which would relieve its sense of hardness and gloom, and give it the spiritual lift which was undoubtedly latent in the intention of O'Neill.

It will be recalled that this play tells the story of a girl bred from the soil who has a choice between two brothers and, swept away by youthful romanticism, marries the wrong one. She marries the brother whose inner longing is to get away from the soil and to travel upon the rainbow of day-dreams and poetry. One does not feel that he is ever meant to be a great poet, or even a good one. He is purely and simply a dreamer but never achieves the inner strength to realize either his dreams or the hard tasks of outer reality. Ruth Atkins has little of the poetic in her, but one feels that she could have respected and loved real manhood even in a poet. What chokes and crushes her life after her marriage to Robert is less his failure as a farmer than his failure as a man. The other brother, Andrew Mayo, the antithesis of Robert, is a man of small imagination but of intense virility, a man of uncompromising integrity in his relations to Ruth. But he can no more help the attraction he exerts for her than he can help the course of the moon.

The tragedy, as it is told, is the one that so often follows upon an initial mistake of this kind. The one thing which might endow it with beauty would be a sense of striving on the part of both Ruth and Robert to come closer to each other in spite of the great wall of contrast between them. This striving is not clearly indicated in Mr. O'Neill's lines, but one feels the need of it to lessen the rather garish black and white feeling of the play. Somewhere one yearns for the shadowed middle ground between Ruth's hardness and Robert's dreaminess. Here is where inspired directing and acting have a chance to flood a little beauty upon the theme.

Mr. Robert Keith, remembered for his excellent performance of Dion Anthony in The Great God Brown, takes the part of Robert and plays it uncompromisingly in the incompetent key. One never feels him as even potentially a poet. Miss Aline MacMahon plays Ruth with a similiar rigidity. One feels in her attitude toward her husband none of the fluttering anxiety to break through the terrible barrier between them. She becomes simply an unimaginative woman afflicted with self-pity. If this is what Mr. O'Neill intended, one could use superlatives about Miss MacMahon's acting. It is a beautiful piece of work within its limited intention, but it does not go far enough along those by-paths of emotion which all of Mr. O'Neill's writing opens up. It is a rôle that cannot achieve tragic importance with a mere literal following of the lines. It needs the shading of pantomime and of unspoken hope and fear to raise it to that pitch where it becomes of universal importance.

To many people, I imagine the most interesting point in this revival will be the sharp parallel in the initial situation of this play and The Great God Brown. Brown is but the completion, the carrying on to a higher and tragic point of the material contained in Beyond the Horizon.

BOOKS

Rainbow Countries of Central America, by Wallace Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

Mauresques, by C. P. Hawkes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

Travel and Adventure in Many Lands, by Cecil Gosling. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

Alfonso the Sage and Other Spanish Essays, by J. B. Trend. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

A Novelist's Tour of the World, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

IN FORMER years, the critics were accustomed to bemoan the lack of fresher books on Spain and the Spanish-American countries. The older travelers and raconteurs, the Fords, Murrays, Barrows, Gautiers, Huttons, etcetera, had voyaged over the lands of the hidalgo and left impressions which, except for the special student, had little interest for the up-to-date voyager and lover of Spanish art, music, architecture, literature, and life. Spanish politics was a favorite subject in the hands of radical envoys from London and Paris socialist groups, with a result that was far from satisfactory to travelers with some ten or twenty years of experience, who were not unacquainted with the charm and ease of life in the Peninsula and were antagonized in their sympathies by the special pleadings of revolutionary writers and census-takers.

Spain, heroic, then glorious, then luxurious, and then decaying—spread out across the seas in proud indifference to the opinion of the outer world. She had her faith, her art and letters, her ancient families, and codes of honor—a vast Hispanic civilization, self-satisfied and in its own mind sufficient for itself. Internationalism was hardly in existence, save in the theories of philosophers and the hopes of foreign traders. Spain's earliest critics were the Italians, who vied with her in classic culture, in the government of the Church, on the field of battle: when the new world was discovered, and its riches began to pour across the Atlantic, she raised her head, the proud empress of a world, which groveled at her feet, and waited its chance to destroy her omnipotence.

France, for all her alliances, showed the jealousy of the North for the South: Africa began with the Pyrenees, was the phrase of the Gallic nobles and populace, and in the pages of their literature we may encounter an unfailing scorn and enmity; their misinterpretations of Spanish motives, their disregard of Spanish mastery in art and philosophy, their love for the aesthetic decay and dirt of fallen cities and disordered institutions; Châteaubriand, Victor Hugo, the Gautiers, Merimée and Barrés, of the romantic school, and some of their misguided followers in Spain itself.

England, rival in world trade, in religious warfare and racial antipathies, was not behindhand in its study of Spanish failings, in its propagation of scandalous legends, and the spread of general distrust in Spanish honor and abilities. The work of the colporteurs alone resulted in an accumulation of slander and libel; any reader who can estimate the tremendous scorn with which Menendez y Pelayo discusses the entry of George Barrow into Madrid in company with a band of gypsies, the cheap mocking of that famous rogue in treating Spanish life and conditions for his pious readers in England, will grasp the aspect of intelligent Spaniards regarding this foreign interpretation of their country. A look into the pages of The Monk, that fertile source of so much stupid melodrama and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foolish maundering: the side-lights of Lever's novels on the Peninsular War: the average traveler's tales and anecdotes will reveal this implied inferiority, not only of Spanish life, but of its arts and its mentality. A Spanish king or queen, not a whit better or worse than a German, French or Hanoverian monarch, is very easily metamorphosed into a mastodon of vices and tyrannies. The great Spanish empire of Carlos V and the Phillips is constantly contrasted with small kingdoms and the little lineages of their rulers. Nobody senses this disproportion in our English literature.

With Ticknor the scene changed into a fuller revelation of Spanish greatness. His book, the model of other and even finer works, is still the foundation of the international understanding of Spain. It may be noticed here that the fullest concept of Spanish imperialism has come from American scholarship; our Prescotts, Parkmans, Merrimans and others present a truly vast picture of Spanish kingdoms and colonies in Europe and overseas, without the painstaking reserves and limitations of the scholars of other European countries outside of the Peninsula. Therefore it seems only to be regretted that American readers are still for the most part to rest under the English and French interpretations of Spain in its culture and history, its arts and economics.

It is true that we are indebted to the Huttons, Fords, and Murrays for excellent interpretations and elucidations and our publishers, in filling up the gaps in their lists of Spanish books of information, may have some reasons to continue importing these books from England. The time has come for readers to appreciate more clearly that there is need for American points of view, American interpretations of Spain, direct and without the intervening screen, whether it be sensed or not, of the third dimension in these foreign observers of Spanish conditions.

It is such a consideration that gives Wallace Thompson's studies—Rainbow Countries of Central America—their full value of freshness and reassurance. From Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador, and Guatemala, he hands us direct pictures of life, customs, trade, and history. It is direct American reaction from countries that have been relegated too long to the categories of impossible problems. Mr. Thompson's remark on the attitude of the native to the foreigner, presents the intellectual problem clearly: "Central-American thought is an entity and there is no advantage ever gained by the high-and-mighty effort of the Anglo-Saxon to make it easy for them to accept his ways of thought. His ways of thought are not of the slightest interest to the Latin American, excepting as they may be adapted to helping him solve his own national problems." Mr. Thompson's volume presents a model for American authors of travel books on our southern brethren.

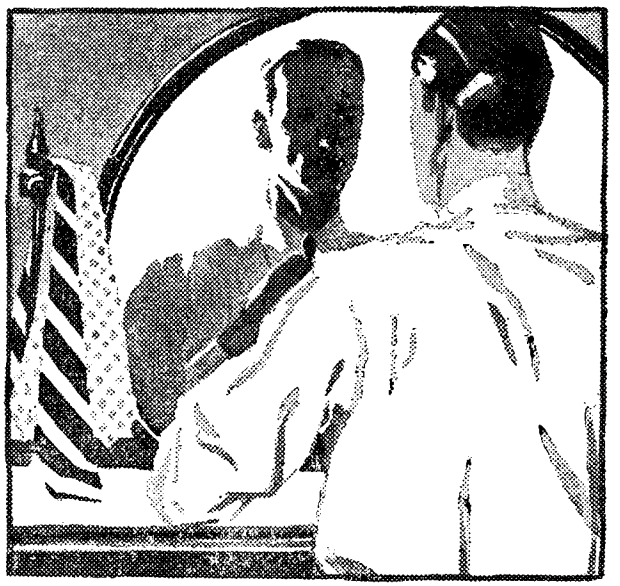
An English traveler gives us, in Mauresques, his impressions of North Africa, and various parts of Spain from Teneriffe and Seville to the Basque provinces of the North. There is an air of art, leisure, and sport in these pages that makes them very interesting reading. A fine perception for the typical points in Africa, for instance, the fantasías, the falcon-hunts, and desert traders; in southern Spain, the dancing-girls, the fiestas, the tiltings and bull-fighting; in the Basque countries, the characteristic music, the pelota and ancient masquerades. Mauresques, in its pleasing style, is a book to stand beside Mr. Hutton's Spain.

Mr. Cecil Gosling, formerly the British Minister to Bolivia, and in the British consular service in Germany and Czecho-Slovakia, has reduced his highly interesting experiences, for the most part South American, into a book of Travel and Ad-

B. Altman & Co.

Gentlemen's Clothing and Furnishings

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Gentlemen Will Appreciate Finding Among Their Christmas Gifts

Conservatively Smart

CRAVATS

.... the holiday showing of Neckwear at Altman Square contains more fine materials and more correctly smart designs than we have ever presented.

.... rich moire failles, warp prints, soft satin jacquards—weaves from the finest European looms—in striped and figured designs.

Moderately priced, $2.50 to $6.50

Other qualities, $1.00 to $2.00

FIFTH AVENUE ENTRANCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

venture in Many Lands. Zulu wars and Boer rebellions are varied with bull-fights, and Paraguayan dances; there is a vision of "that terrible Padre Maiz" which reveals a mild gentleman heroically taking the place of the banished Jesuits of the Paraguayan misiones. Revolutions and mountain crossings; duck-shooting on Lake Titicaca, Bolivia; rubber expeditions, mining camps, in short, the usual category of chapters provided in the reminiscences of diplomatic agents and gentlemen of leisure on tour or on mission to the newer nations of America. Mr. Gosling's book is a valuable contribution to this class of literature.

Alfonso the Sage and Other Spanish Essays is a book of literary studies, inspired by some knowledge of Spain of today and some reading, if not profound research, on the chief literary figures of her literature. The title chapter on Alfonso X is not a very impressive study of the rare old philosopher and poet, who muddled, as well as regulated, the affairs of Castile and Leon from 1252 to 1284. Mr. J. B. Trend hardly conveys the full importance of this monarch to scholarship, religion and civilization in early Spain. The same thing may be said of his discussion of Ramón Lully. His chapter on Fray Luis de Leon, one of the greatest Christian poets, seems based upon a cursory reading of Aubrey Bell's Luis de Leon, with but little regard to the works of Padre García and Muiñoz or the Dominican scholar, Getino. Gongora, whom many Spanish critics consider the greatest poet produced by their modern civilization, also fares rather poorly at Mr. Trend's hands.

Unamuno is rather more to Mr. Trend's style than the ancient masters. He gives us a correct summary of this nebulous master of Salamanca; but one can be in accord with the praises he awards to Pio Baroja—one of the greatest geniuses of today. His tributes to Azorin will also be appreciated by those who realize that a very great author is being overlooked by our American Hispanists, on account of the very merits for which he is great: modesty, moderation, and maturity of feeling for art and life. In the other chapters devoted to letters and art, one gains the impression that Mr. Trend's volume is little more than a Spanish note-book. In the way of information and study it cannot be compared to Mr. Waldo Frank's Virgin Spain, although as a traveler Mr. Trend brings with him a maturity and simplicity which contrast with the showiness and unconsidered enthusiasms of Mr. Frank.

Tourists, recognized for the most part by the Spanish as Ingleses, continue to give their views of Spain and her old colonies; but there is a Spaniard at large collecting impressions of the globe under the title, A Novelist's Tour of the World; a Spaniard who seems to be more comfortable abroad than at home, where his compatriots regard him with a dubious valuation of his art as well as his political views. Vicente Blasco Ibañez's world-wanderings are far and wide; from Mentone, "where the buds of autumn sway at the touch of the soft breeze," to Cuba, where the smile of Havana "is to be found, not in its walks, its buildings, nor in the animation of its streets, but in the temperament of its people"; through the Panama Canal, "which is beginning to appear far too small and insignificant, to use an Americanism, for a nation as fond of moving about freely as the United States"; then up the Coast as far as San Francisco, where Chinatown calls the Spanish maestro, with its pharmacopoeia of graveyard chicories deriving "their sap from the rotting mould of the 'ancestors,' they possess marvelous curative powers in the treatment of tuberculosis"—that fantastic land of San Francisco!—Hawaii and "the Isles of Love" are next on the itinerary, and still we are only starting toward the Chinalands and Japanese blossom festivals which the cruise of the Franconia will reach on schedule time. Mr. Blasco Ibañez has made a well-known itinerary more attractive to us all. One might form one's own opinions more modestly, of course, with a good typewriter at one's elbow.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Road Round Ireland, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

PADRAIC COLUM'S Road Round Ireland suggests from time to time Hilaire Belloc's Path to Rome. The Englishman's book is more imaginative, but the Irishman's book is more appealing in its simple descriptions of very simple things. In it we see the small landholders, decently comfortable, but discontented after the fashion of farmers all the world over ("Nature hates a farmer!" is a significant saying); and the small tradesmen, very well-to-do in spite of long credits. We follow the wandering and rain-soaked author into the hospitable cottages of the poor, where the turf glows on the hearth, where food is spread and tales are told, and he sleeps by the fire until morning. We listen while marriages are being negotiated by hard-bargaining parents who make no doubt that their children will be docile, and accept or reject as they are bidden. After reading the chapter on the Cunliffe wedding, we are disposed to believe with Dr. Johnson that the idle fancies of young people count for little, and that most marriages would be as happy if the Lord Chancellor arranged them.

Irish ruins seem older and more ruinous than those of England or Wales. In 544 Saint Kieran built the monastery of Clonmacnoise, and for a thousand years its monks lived and taught by the broad, slow waters of the Shannon. A great abbey arose, and two round towers that long resisted the ravages of time and war. There is nothing in the world more impressive than the ruins of a round tower. The high and topless walls of the great tower of Clonmacnoise enthrall Mr. Colum's spirit, as the high and topless walls of the tower of Coucy (vastest of French ruins) enthralled the spirits of all who saw it before the evil hour when the German sappers found pastime in destroying what the wide world could never replace.

Happily the literature of a country is indestructible. The best chapters of The Road Round Ireland are devoted to Irish folk-lore, well told; old Celtic songs, delicately translated; and strange, rhymed prayers that protect the house by day and night. There are also many apt quotations from Irish poets and playwrights; among them the little-known Francis Ledwidge, who "gave his merry life away," and with it the promise of fame, in the Flemish trenches. "What the world now has of him," says Mr. Colum, "is but his first song-offering"; but this song should survive, were it only for its clear and jocund note, as elemental as the pipes of Pan:

> "And wondrous, impudently sweet,
> Half of him passion, half conceit,
> The blackbird whistles down the street."

Mr. Colum is not a critic; the pages on James Joyce deny him this attribute; but he has a wide acquaintance with Irish letters, and a happy knack of lighting upon old half-forgotten scraps of verse—charms against evil, tinkers' rhymes, and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lamentations of young wives carried off by the fairy folk. The terrible "Curse" on Bruadar and Smith and Glinn would have been appalling had we only read it before the day of Lissauer. When the British Tommies turned the Hymn of Hate into a regimental joke, they did something to the once serious sin of hating which weakened its meaning and malevolence. Whether it was a belated sense of fun which made them do this thing, or a subconscious recognition of man's essential insignificance, we shall never know; but a too hearty expression of impotent hatred has been a trifle ridiculous ever since.

The illustrations of The Road Round Ireland add greatly to its value and its charm. They are not soulless photographs, but reproductions of sketches and etchings which express in every line the picturesqueness of the town, the sombre beauty of the country. They fit admirably with the text, which is, as all descriptive texts should be, both gay and melancholy. The picture of Swift's birthplace makes us sorry for little Jonathan; and the picture of a Midland bog, painted by Paul Henry, is so starkly beautiful that any man's heart might break with homesickness when the streets of New York close in upon him, and he recalls its level loveliness.

Mr. Colum's sympathies are broad and warm. He has understanding and pity to spare for the unhappy animals in a traveling circus; for the camels, "their sad, proud heads lifted high, as if they had sight of the deserts beyond," for the cowed lions, and the vulture that was called an eagle. "The elephant looked his loathing of Cluan, but in the vulture's unwavering eye there was hatred more abysmal. He had followed the banners of Ghengis Khan, and now he sat between dispirited lions, and a sullen slave of an elephant." The old cart-horses with drooping heads, and the ragged men in charge of the cages interest this all-observing Irishman as deeply as the acrobats, and the girl swinging round the ring, an embodiment of energy and incarnated will. "The road I was on was just the same as a thousand other roads," is the first sentence of the book. No doubt a thousand men might have traveled on it unseemingly. But to the regardful eye all roads lead through the wonderful thing called life.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Man Is War, by John Carter. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

THE author of this book gives evidence of being a keen observer, a student of history and diplomacy and an ironical philosopher whose zest for life is not concealed beneath an exterior of pessimism, which wears very thin in spots. He has produced a thoroughly readable book, tightly packed with information, about the present state of the world as bearing on the likelihood of future conflicts. Whence come wars and rumors of wars? Man. Has man changed? Will he change? Here is the terrifying prospect as the author states it, that is, terrifying unless one peeps at the chapter title, The Reductio ad Absurdum, printed above the page: "The world will escape the blight of war when man has ceased to be human."

If it be suggested that this may be dealing whimsically with a serious subject, the rejoinder is that the light touch in some parts of the book is one of its main attractions. Mr. Carter does not mean that wars cannot be reduced. He means that all war cannot be avoided—and who is there that is hopeful enough to predict otherwise?

Henry Holt & Company Announce the Publication of

THE BOOK OF MODERN CATHOLIC VERSE

Edited by THEODORE MAYNARD

An anthology of representative verse by Catholic authors from Coventry Patmore to the present day. Mr. Maynard has confined himself to the best writing in English during the last three-quarters of a century. The themes are secular as well as religious. The authors include such poets as Alice Meynell, Francis Thompson, Louise Imogen Guiney, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Joel Chandler Harris, Katherine Tynan; as well as many lesser known poets. Each poet is introduced by a short prefatory essay.

$3.00 *at all Booksellers*

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
One Park Avenue New York

A Christmas Gift of Distinction

There are among your friends individuals for whom you could select no better gift than a subscription to The Commonweal. It is a gift formal enough for a business acquaintance and personal enough for a friend or relative. The ordinary gift you might select is received only once, but a subscription to The Commonweal assures the recipient of a weekly intellectual stimulus and a repeated reminder of your friendship. An attractive holiday gift card will be mailed in your name in time to reach the recipient before Christmas.

Subscription
Ten dollars a year.
Five dollars for six months.

THE COMMONWEAL
Grand Central Terminal
New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He does not write like a prophet of evil weighed down with the significance of his own message. He writes rather as one who views the human panorama with no illusions—the lines of political and ethnic relationships, the whirling of the machine of diplomacy, trade rivalry, national self-love, the madcap ideas of some impractical reformers, the half-wisdom of others. He has called his resources to the task of exposing with an abundance of definite details the potential causes of war that inhere in imperfect human society, and in doing so he is much more the guide who points the way to an approximation to peace than the alarmist who bids the world arm for inevitable struggles.

The author's experience in the Department of State at Washington and in the diplomatic service at Rome and Constantinople has given him a solid foundation of first-hand information as a supplement to his studies and travels. He exhibits insight, all the more welcome because it is based on present conditions, into the strength and weakness of the international processes of conciliation.

Under his guidance one takes a journey of observation around the world, with its spots of irritation, its incongruity of interests, seen as under a magnifying glass through which the bacteria of unrest appear ceaselessly at work. Yet it is always Mr. Carter's glass through which one sees as the pages are turned. He is frank with opinions which the reader is at liberty to accept or reject.

In his view the League of Nations is merely an evolution or a mechanism of the old diplomacy. It is no panacea. "Wars will continue despite the League and perhaps because of it," for the council is, in effect, composed of selfishly inclined representatives of the great powers—the same crowd of diplomatic shufflers dressed in new raiment. Despite all this, the League represents "an idea of astounding vitality, the conviction that the world has passed the age of nationalism." In reality, Mr. Carter says, the Catholic Church is "the greatest single force for peace," though he is by no means disposed to eulogy of all things Catholic.

The author predicts that after a generation or so, major wars are likely to flare up in the cockpits of international rivalry—Eastern Europe, the Near East and the Far East. He doubts that these conflicts will become fused into a world war, but he holds that there is much to show that if a world war comes, the United States will be drawn in. It is by no means a fantasy, he says, that in another century the world may be governed from Geneva or Moscow as a super-state. Yet this in turn would contain the seeds of dissolution, and nationalism might have a rebirth, with insurrectos venting their displeasure at a super-state, and a new cycle of wars starting.

There are undoubtedly readers who will ask why the book presents no program. Perhaps, for most authors treating of the subject, this would be the first consideration. If not the League of Nations, what? Since wars can be reduced, why not show a better way than the League offers?

Thus Sir Ian Hamilton, in his recent thoughtful work entitled The Millennium?, sees hope of enduring peace "if only the Anglo-Celts and Americans hold together." G. Lowes Dickinson, in War, Its Nature, Cause and Cure, contends that a whole-hearted stand for the abolition of war is the first step. Rear Admiral Niblack, in Why Wars Come, suggests that an application to states of the rules of morality observed among individuals would afford a basis for reducing armaments. The list might be extended, for historical essays treating of this subject have been rather numerous since 1914.

But Mr. Carter exhibits no symptoms of being a programmist or an uplifter of any sort. He is apparently content to turn his spot-light on the situation and end his function there. He does it effectively. Dozing and impractical pacifists will find much in these pages to disturb their complacency. The mass of rational men who seek peace by attainable means—unnumbered millions in a war-weary world—will not fear to make a survey of the obstacles to peace.

ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL.

George Washington: The Human Being and the Hero, by Rupert Hughes. New York: William Morrow and Company. $4.00.

George Washington: The Image and the Man, by W. E. Woodward. New York: Boni and Liveright. $4.00.

MR. RUPERT HUGHES has of recent years been officiating with probably, to him, satisfying results, at the altar of the movies, and previous to that he was the author of a number of best-sellers. But there was a time when he was a serious historian, and as chief assistant editor of the Historian's History of the World he bade fair to make his mark among American writers of history. It might be unkind to ask the reasons for the change of his activity, and this reviewer will simply express his gratitude that Mr. Hughes has returned to a field more worthy of him and of his talents.

Though this is only the first volume of his life of Washington, in it he has given what is probably the truest picture of the great Virginian yet presented in a biography. It is serious, scholarly, and unbiased; it does not blink at Washington's faults, but it leaves him none the less the hero. Mr. Hughes has not written a book to shock the bourgeois. He has simply stripped the subject of the cherry-tree, plaster-saint atmosphere in which it has been enwrapped by a long line of sentimental biographers beginning with Pastor Weems. That Washington made military mistakes, that he spelled poorly, and lost his temper, that he probably married for money, and was afflicted with a hopeless love for Mrs. Sally Fairfax, the wife of his best friend, even that as a young man he broke his parole, do not take away from the superb firmness of his character, his unselfishness, his essential integrity—those things which made him far more than a brilliant man, which he was not—which made him a great man and a hero.

Mr. Hughes brings Washington only to his thirtieth year; the great period of the Revolution and the Presidency is yet to come, and the following volumes will be looked forward to with intense interest. The man who can write of Braddock's defeat with the thrilling effect and pathos with which Mr. Hughes does ought to make Trenton and Yorktown fascinating. Mr. Hughes's rehabilitation of the character and abilities of Braddock is in particular done in masterly fashion. Into this work he has put the zest of the creative artist, and Braddock emerges a character at once vital and pathetic.

Mr. Hughes has written a book at once able and sincere—what has Mr. Woodward done? Mr. Woodward's book is readable. That virtue at least can be granted it. It is written in the short, snappy style of the newspaperman, and it seems to have been influenced by that school of thinkers of which Mr. Hendrick Willem Van Loon is the most conspicuous example, though it lacks that gentleman's sense of tradition which saves him at times despite himself. Mr. Woodward's book is only partially about Washington. It is really an essay on what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Woodward thinks about the times of which he is writing, and what he thinks is apparently the cheap snap-judgment of a man setting out to prove a case.

Mr. Woodward evidently dislikes aristocrats, and this dislike distorts his judgment both of Washington and Hamilton. To him Hamilton was a worshipper of worldly success, and Washington a man who today would be the head of a big business. He paints the great Virginian as vain, unintellectual, fond of adulation and power, a materialist, a general whose successes were owing to his subordinates. He grants him courage and honesty, but belittles both these qualities. And then he ends it all by declaring that "in many ways he was a great man—not only great, but very great." Perhaps by this statement Mr. Woodward thought to deliver a masterstroke of paradox, but Mr. Woodward is not a Chesterton, and what it becomes is only an insincere sop thrown to the common sense of his readers.

Unlike Mr. Hughes, Mr. Woodward has set out to shock the bourgeois, but such shockings to be effective must be carried out by those whose spirit is not bourgeois itself. Mr. Woodward, like Mr. Sinclair Lewis and Mr. H. L. Menken, is in violent revolt against accepted standards, and the suspicion grows that, like them, he is also in revolt against the bourgeois that is in his own soul. Our intelligentsia are today writing much foolishness about psychoanalysis, and yet this is a method which might be applied not without effectiveness to our modern image-breakers. If these image-breakers insist upon eating the cake of what they proclaim their "truthfulness," they must not object if the rest of us insist on their eating it to the end. If with the facts at his hand, Mr. Woodward is sincere in his estimate of Washington, the real commentary is not on Washington, but on Mr. Woodward's own type of mind. His book is of value, not for what it teaches us of Washington, but for what it shows is the attitude of a certain section of our journalistic writers, who to liberate themselves of their own inhibitions have adopted the method, but, alas, not the manner of Mr. Lytton Strachey. And if this criticism is personal, they have only themselves to blame.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

At the Sign of the Silver Cup, by Helen Atteridge. New York. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

MISS ATTERIDGE'S locale is London. Her period is the reign of that monarch sometimes called "The Merry," when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up behind locked doors, when priests lived their normal lives in hiding, and when enterprising "discoverers" increased prestige and pocketbook by the simple process of swearing to the wholesale atrocities committed by "Papists."

The story which moves against this background is extremely, indeed impressively, simple. It deals with the adventures of Luke Furrow, the silversmith's apprentice, who went up to London to seek life and found it in death. Many of these adventures are implicated in historical fact. Luke's life is guided by the sad wisdom of the martyred Venerable Father Whitebread and inspired by the fortitude and charity of the Venerable Richard Langhorne. The persecution which follows him from the time of his apprenticeship to Reuben Buckle to his eventual ignominious death, is a soberly authentic record of what Catholics endured during the middle sixteen hundreds. Descriptions which recall something of Father Benson's terrible vividness are given of Newgate Prison and Tyburn Gallows,

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

in The Commonweal:

"*THE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH* is a work of art. . . . a personal document, at times written with a high degree of moving beauty. It is the confession of a soul which has been strangely moved by faith. . . . It is a proof of a thesis fundamental to *The Commonweal,* namely, that Christ and His Church more and more claim the attention and the interest of modern men, particularly the young."

THE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

by Cuthbert Wright

At all bookstores, $2.50

Albert & Charles Boni 66 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The Mass for Sundays and Holydays

The entire Mass as it is in the Missal—Every word as read by the priest

Translated by JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J.

So arranged that all can follow it—The simplest of all the Mass books in English

Maroon Cloth, gilt top	$1.00
French Morocco, skiver, gilt edges	2.25
American Limp, seal grain, gilt edges	3.00
Rutland Limp, long grain, gilt edges	3.00
Turkey Morocco, gold roll, gilt edges	4.00

Pocket size—best of paper—576 pages

The Mass, Every Day in the Year

The "Mass for Every Day in the Year," *by* Edward A. Pace, D.D., of the Catholic University, and John J. Wynne, S.J.

Besides all the Masses and the good points of "The Mass, Sundays and Holydays," this book contains the Mass for every day in the year so arranged that all can follow it with ease.

Prices for "The Mass for Every Day in the Year"

Black Cloth, red edges	$2.50
Leatherette, gilt edges	3.25
Rutland Long Grain Leather, gilt edges	4.00
Calf, Indigo Blue, gilt edges	4.50
Full Morocco, flexible, leather lined, gilt edges	5.00

Best of paper—1496 pages

THE HOME PRESS, 19 Union Square, W., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a detailed account is included of Richard Langhorne's trial in the Sessions House of the Old Bailey, and of the evidence of Dr. Titus Oates, "the best believed man in England." The reader follows, through the young hero's growing awareness of conditions about him, the development of the anti-Catholic attitude from the moderate stage of heavy fines and public contempt to the riots and wholesale persecution that followed the death of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. And in the boy who "once had dreams of Douay," the tension, the expectation, tragic yet exalted, grows and grows until it finally breaks on his death-bed with the revelation that he has at last found that "life" which he has sought.

A spirit breathes through the book which is not often found in fiction, a spirit compounded of the sadness, the gentleness, and the strength of those English heroes who suffered everything for the Faith. The use of Luke's consciousness as the focal centre of events and impressions is particularly well-judged, since it imparts to the story that sense of reality most authoritatively conferred by the record of an eye-witness.

MARY KOLARS.

Adventures and Confessions, by William Lyon Phelps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

ANNOUNCEMENT of a book of adventures by William Lyon Phelps is assurance of a volume vivid in outline and vivacious as well as veracious in development of detail. Because this book is a record of the greatest of adventures—the maintenance and development of individual religious faith founded on reason—the methods of the distinguished Yale professor make it singularly persuasive and pertinent to the times. There is a warmth and enthusiasm in these disclosures of how life in every aspect has been made more full of gusto, "more abundant" to one who lives it under the motivation of the force-giving fact of the Incarnation which enfold the reader engrossed in the reasons given for the acceptance of the great assurance.

Whatever else may be denied, there can be no question concerning the joyousness of the adventures recounted. Religion, to this writer, has not hampered humor or put him out of touch with sinners; it has simply enlarged his pity for those who think to escape from themselves and from the ever-pursuing Hound of Heaven by the denial of the existence of sin.

But because Professor Phelps believes with Saint Thomas Aquinas that faith is good, but faith with knowledge is better, he minces no words in scrapping certain superficialities which are submitted by the unthinking for the acceptance of a generation which does not desire to think.

"Few statements are more absurd or dangerous," he says, "than the frequently heard remark: 'It does not make any difference what you believe, so long as you believe it.' You might just as well say that there is no difference between truth and falsehood. It makes all the difference in the world what you believe, because belief is the spring of action. If you earnestly believe that you are on the right road when you are not, every step you take leads you farther and farther away from where you ought to be. The faster and more confidently you walk, the worse off you are. If a religion is false, the most severely orthodox are the furthest from the truth. . . . Thus many who have a superficial knowledge of comparative religions will often say: 'One religion is as good as another.' It simply is not so; the facts are otherwise. Emancipation from one form of religion is sometimes the first requisite step toward a fruitful religious life."

Our adventurer, who holds firmly to the core of Christianity, is not afraid of being thought out-of-date, rather, he would have Christians go backward, drawing ever nearer to the Word made Flesh. "We do not need a new religion," he proclaims, "we need to practise the one we have. Jesus lived on earth nearly 2,000 years ago; in His ideas and teachings He is 10,000 years ahead of this present time."

ERNEST FEARBY BODDINGTON.

Daniel Quayne, by J. S. Fletcher. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

THE name of J. S. Fletcher has been so completely associated with mystery stories that the present volume will be something of a surprise for his readers. Daniel Quayne is a powerful study of a tragedy in a rural English setting, among the farmers and farm laborers of Yorkshire. One uses the word tragedy in a deeper sense than is implied by a reference to the murder of "Quiet" Campion and his mistress and the execution of the unfortunate and disillusioned Daniel. Mr. Fletcher has very aptly subtitled his novel, A Morality, for with a realism that never forgets the restraint of genuine art, it depicts the moral tragedy of a naturally good man's deterioration under the influence of an illicit passion and the downfall of another naturally good man when suddenly confronted with the baseness of those whom he had loved and trusted.

Daniel Quayne, like so many of the tragedies of real life and of fiction, is a tragedy of sex, but the author's sense of fundamental values in human character together with his instinct as a literary artist have kept his story clear of the merely physical. Nor may one omit a word of praise for the fidelity with which the setting has been presented—rural Yorkshire, most typical of England's agricultural regions, a generation ago.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

(The article on M. Paul Claudel, by Jules-Bois, which was announced for publication in the present issue, will appear next week in The Commonweal of December 22—The Editors.)

The title page and index for volume IV of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volume IV in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

CONTRIBUTORS

L. J. S. WOOD is the Rome correspondent of The Tablet (London).
M. GRATTAN O'LEARY is the editor of the Ottawa Journal.
REV. LEO L. WARD, C.S.C., is a writer on agricultural topics.
ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR., a New York literary critic, is the author of a book on Thomas Hardy.
ANNA MITCHELL is a contributor of literary articles to the magazines.
WILKINSON SHERREN, formerly on the editorial staff of the New Age, and T. P.'s Weekly, is now correspondent for Wiener's News Agency of London and New York. He is the author of The Wessex of Romance; Chronicles of Berthold Darnley; and Joy Is My Name.
AGNES REPPLIER is the author of Varia; In Our Convent Days; Books and Men; and other volumes of essays.
ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL, professor in the Columbia University School of Journalism, is the author of a Life of Cardinal Gibbons; City, State and Nation; and The World Crisis in China.
GRENVILLE VERNON is a critic of music and books.
MARY KOLARS is a contributor of articles and literary criticism to current magazines.
ERNEST FEARBY BODDINGTON, formerly Sunday editor of the New York Times, and recently assistant press-director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, is a writer for the American and Canadian press.
GEORGE D. MEADOWS contributes literary criticism to the magazines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Britannicus, do you believe in reciprocity?" demanded Miss Brynmarian significantly.

"Er—ah—how do you mean?" asked Britannicus, edging nervously away.

"Well," said Miss Brynmarian, "last week, did you, or did you not, hurl The Spectator at my head, and make me listen to extracts from it?"

"I believe I did," confessed Britannicus.

"Very well," said Miss Brynmarian taking up a sheaf of newspapers, "believing, myself, in reciprocity, and you having hurled The Spectator at my head, I now propose—"

"But it's not leap-year," hastily interrupted Britannicus, edging still farther away.

"I thought you understood me better," said Miss Brynmarian in a hurt tone. "Besides, you interrupted me. What I was really going to say is that you, having hurled The Spectator at my head, I propose to fling the Meeteetse News in your teeth."

"Please don't," implored Britannicus. "They're unusually sensitive just now. My dentist has just finished treating them."

"No matter," replied Miss Brynmarian, determinedly. "They were probably in a bad condition due to too much chewing over English journalism. This dose of truly American journalism from the breezy mountains of the West will tend to harden them up."

Britannicus settled back resignedly, and Miss Brynmarian took up the Meeteetse (Wyoming) News.

"It may be a little late for election news," she said, "but I should like to read you some accounts published around campaign time, just to let you get something of Meeteetse's political flavor."

"As long as it's only a flavor you want me to get, an extract will do," said Britannicus hastily.

But Miss Brynmarian had already begun to read:

"'The time is drawing near for this autumn's election. On Barbecue Day, many candidates were here, who, as they journeyed through the picnic-grounds and town, placed into the voters' hands neatly and attractively printed campaign cards, products of our county's three printing establishments. Our town has booked both Republican and Democratic rallies. All the candidates have promised to be present and shout their glowing virtues.'"

"I suppose they set 'the wild echoes flying,'" commented Britannicus. "It's rather fortunate that shock-absorbing mountains separate us from Meeteetse."

Miss Brynmarian continued:

"'Former County and Prosecuting Attorney Little, of Big Horn County, was in town Saturday night for the political flare and blare. He is a G. O. P. adherent, just as strong and pure as is Lewis's Lye, the labels upon the cans informing the soap-making and scrubbing public that it is 100 percent unadulterated.'"

"I have heard lye and political candidates somehow mentioned in the same breath at election time," said Britannicus, "but never quite in that way before."

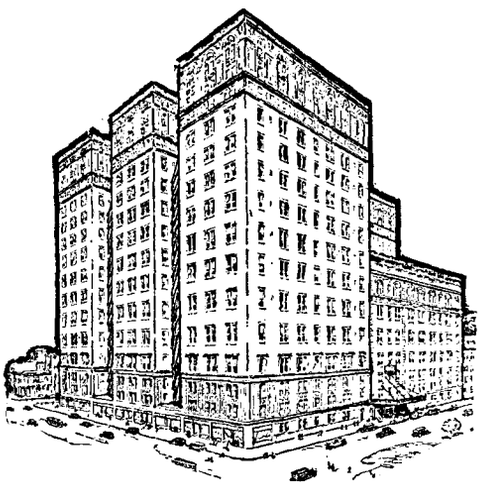
"Now for some business items," announced Miss Brynmarian, as she turned the paper. "Here is one about the Meeteetse News itself:

"'Editor R. T. Baird and Mrs. Baird were Sunday visitors in town. The Bairds never fail to make at least yearly visits

MARYWOOD COLLEGE
MOUNT SAINT MARY, SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA
College for Women. Chartered by the State of Pennsylvania. Registered under the Regents of New York State. Member of the Association of Colleges of the Middle States and Maryland. Institutional Member of the American Council on Education.
Degrees:—M. A.; B. A.; B. S. in Home Economics; Mus. B.; and B. S. in Education.
Resident and Day Students *For catalogue apply to Registrar.*

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child
AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
SUMMIT, N. J. **Resident and Day Pupils**
Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points
Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. 44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804

THE IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
CHRISTMAS GIFTS DIRECT FROM IRELAND
Suggestions
Tea Sets of Belleek China and Handmade Belleek Baskets—Hand Embroidered Linens, Table Cloths and Napkins—Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs—All Wool Auto Rugs—Irish Poplin Ties—Kapp and Peterson's Pipes.
Celtic Xmas Cards and Calendars—Etchings
Many Other Attractive Gifts—All the Latest Irish Books
Open From 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.—Telephone, Regent 2414
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
780 Lexington Avenue, New York City (near 60th Street)



THE only Apartment Hotel in New York where you can cook as much as you desire ... Complete Kitchens, Iceless Refrigeration and Dining Alcoves ... all household and hotel services available ... 2, 3, 4 Room suites ... on lease or transiently ... Furnished or unfurnished.

12 East 86th Street
America's Premier Apartment Hotel
NEW YORK
Ownership Management, I. Fluegelman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ST. ENDA'S SCHOOL
The Only School of Its Kind in the U. S.
Opens Sept. 20th. Modeled after St. Enda's, Dublin
Give your boy a chance, educate him in an Irish environment and he will love and bring honor to his name and race. A College Preparatory Boarding School for boys. Healthful country location. The old Gaelic conception of education, "fosterage." Irish atmosphere. Six year course. Self-help, farming. Love of Irish culture, literature, and music especially fostered. Gaelic taught.
***For catalogue, write* JOHN X. REGAN, M.A.**
Headmaster, St. Enda's School, North Barnstead, N. H.

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY
95th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.
Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame
ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance
MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal
ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

Mount St. Michael's
Nereid (238th St.) and Murdock Aves.
Bronx, New York City
Conducted by MARIST BROTHERS
Select Boarding and Day School for Boys
HIGH SCHOOL, GRAMMAR, PRIMARY
Opens in September, 1926
Write for Prospectus

PRINTING SERVICE
Our working force is composed of trained men, selected because of their ability and willingness to make extreme efforts to satisfy our customers.
This feature of our organization accounts to a large extent for the long list of representative concerns that have continued to send us their printing orders for many years.
May we estimate on your printing?
Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Commercial Printing
BURR PRINTING HOUSE
Cor. Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

to the upper valley and town where they formerly resided, and view the landscape and friends once again over. Mr. Baird, former editor of the Meeteetse News, sold the plant to the present pencil-pusher. During the ceremony of handing over the keys, both the seller and purchaser joined in the gladsome refrain, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." Needless to say, blessings have descended on both since the memorable transaction.' "

"What!" exclaimed Britannicus. "This note of optimism, and satisfaction with his state in life, from an editor! Apparently he is the one editor to whom this item from a recent issue of the Christian Register does not apply."

Britannicus pulled a clipping from his pocket and read:

" 'When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it. When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again. When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it. When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land. When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference. But when the editor makes a mistake—good night!' "

"I've told you all along that everything about Meeteetse—even its editor—is different," said Miss Brynmarian. "But harken to more of the business aspect there:

" 'John Wilson is rushing to rapid completion the Wilson block located on middle State Street. The block was formerly the Star Blacksmith Shop, conducted by City Marshal Wilson, who wears the bright scintillating star right over his heart. This metal piece not only makes known the wearer's authority, but protects the vital organ over which it hangs from grape and canister, shot and shell. The building was originally sixty feet long, but has been bobbed like the hair of the feminine sex to about half its previous growth.

" 'Albert Schults, one of the many successful agriculturists of the Sage Creek country adjacent to Cody, paid our office a brief call last week. One of the crops that he and Mrs. Schults delight to send to appreciative tongues every summer are radiant, juicy, and aromatic strawberries. We have often heard the expression that so and so delicacy "melts in the mouth." The brand that this husband and wife imparts to human tongues is so dandy that the berries almost melt before reaching the vibrating, gyrating, and rotating organ of the human anatomy spoken of as the tongue.' "

"Hm—apparently those shouting politicians impressed him," said Britannicus. "But what are they doing socially in Meeteetse now?"

"Well," said Miss Brynmarian, "here is one social item:

" 'Mr. and Mrs. Orin Avery and daughters, Maud and Osie, just the other day pressed their feet against the running board of their flivver, and were soon out of sight on their way to Lander and vicinity for a visit with their many friends.' "

"I hope they didn't get a flat tire after starting off in that light-hearted manner," said Britannicus. "What else?"

" 'Thomas Osborne,' " continued Miss Brynmarian, " 'who broke his collar-bone about three weeks ago, is now able to go hither and thither.' "

"He must own a Ford too," said Britannicus. "The 'hither and thither' implies as much."

Miss Brynmarian turned the last sheet of the paper.

" 'Mrs. Lena McIntosh,' " she read, " 'was a recent visitor in town. She is one of Burlington's staid citizens.' "

"That item could never have been written about you," said Britannicus cryptically as he rose to go.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED